

 *The Sign*

December 1955-25¢

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National Catholic Magazine



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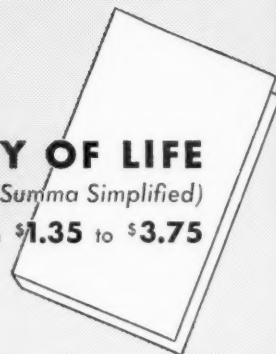
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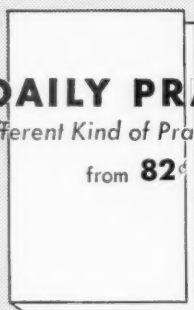
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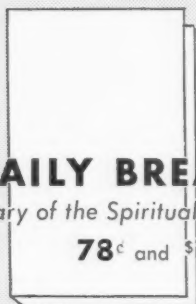
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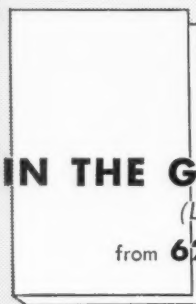
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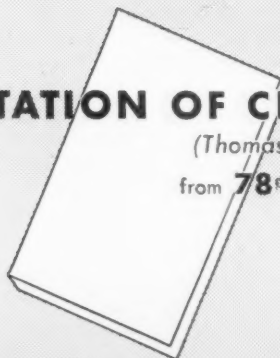
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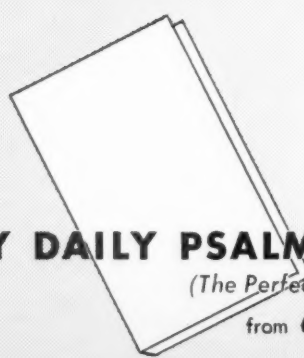
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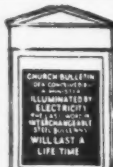
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Letters

Mrs. Burton and Marylike

Re Katherine Burton's article on modesty in women's dress in your September issue.

Such a confused bit of writing to pawn off on your readers! It serves to justify my contention that women are incapable of determining what is or is not modest in dress. Women's dress is immodest not because of its effect on other women but because of its effect on men. . . .

The need for such moves as the Marylike Movement is not a question of aesthetics but of sin and the occasion of sin.

CHARLES MONNIG

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

In her polite little tirade against the modesty crusade "of the priest in his little mid-west town of three hundred population," Mrs. Burton seems to suggest that modesty is chiefly a problem for mothers and daughters to solve without any other intervention. First of all, too many Catholic mothers and daughters seem to have lost all sense of responsibility (and shame) as regards modest dress, and secondly, as long as we have moral problems, moralists will take an acute interest in them. . . .

How strange is Mrs. Burton's "now, now, my dear" attitude toward Pearl Buck's disgusting display of bigotry as contrasted with her subtle sneering at Father Bernard Kunkel's fine Crusade for Christian modesty in dress.

REV. RONALD GLENNON

HERRIN, ILL.

... Mrs. Burton seems to have gone just a little too far for a laywoman. In fact, she is treading on rather dangerous ground to pass judgment on something that might better be left to those who are experts in moral matters.

For instance she asks, but with the intention of giving a straight, unequivocal, negative answer, "Are the Catholic girls and the rest of us to stop looking at these wearers (TV performers) of decidedly un-Marylike apparel?" Sloppy thinking and sloppy writing like this should not appear in a magazine intended for reading tables in Catholic homes all over the country. For her to quote the stupid *Time* remark is sufficient indication that she is totally unaware of the problem of immodest dress—with all its sinful consequences—which is confronting priests (particularly confessors), teachers in our Catholic schools, and, last but not least, mothers and fathers who "believe in modesty."

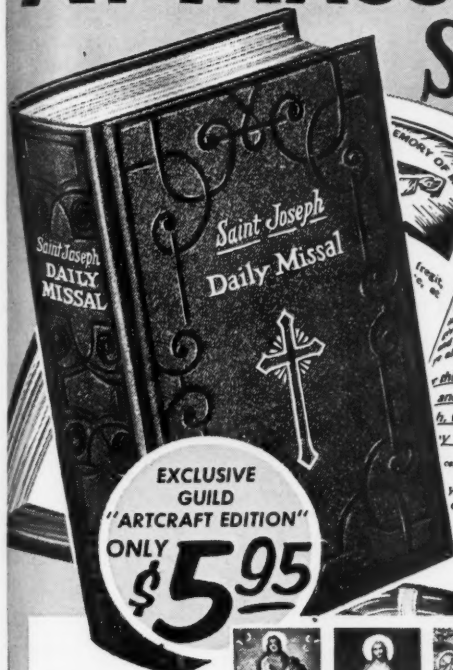
It is largely because mothers have failed to teach their daughters modesty in dress
(Continued on page 6)

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into Egypt



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on Easter Sun.



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of the Mass, saying: Take ye all and eat
of this:
For this is my Body.
... and above the altar, the Priest
... and replaces it upon the corporal, prostrate-
... again. The bell rings once for each act of
the Canon.

CONSECRATION OF THE WINE
... done, taking also this goodly chalice
... thanks to Thee, O venerable hands, again
... gave it to His disciples, saying: Take
... and drink of this:
this is the Chalice of my Blood of the
new and eternal covenant; the mystery
of my Blood which shall be shed for you and
for the forgiveness of sins.

... the chalice on the corporal, and says:
... shall you do these things, in
... and during the Precious Blood, he
... replaces the chalice on the corporal,
... The bell rings once for each act

Edited by
REV. H. HOOVER, S. O. Cist., Ph. D.
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Archbishop of New York

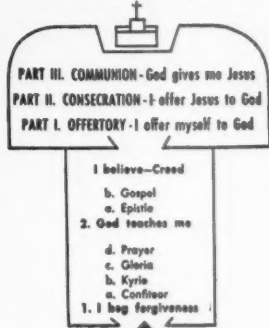
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The financial arrangement covering these special engagements is simple and calls for the even or fifty-fifty division of the gross proceeds between the sponsors and the artists, so long as the artists (as a group) receive no less than an expense guarantee of \$150.

In this arrangement, the sponsor provides the location for the entertainment, a recently tuned piano, a spotlight (if one is available) and an enthusiastic committee to publicize the event and develop a capacity audience. The artists provide a complete program of entertainment, and we provide publicity information and promotional material. Such a presentation may be exempt from Federal admission tax upon application.

It is recommended that the location for this entertainment be your school or parish hall, and that the admission be set at \$1. While we know that concert-goers generally pay much more to hear the same artists as are cooperating in this plan, we feel that a low admission price is proper inducement to the community audience we aim to attract.

The entire arrangement is explained here. There are no details to the financial arrangement or responsibility other than what has been outlined above. There are no riders, tricks or gimmicks to this offer.

Any organized Catholic group may sponsor such a concert, and those interested are asked to write and give us a number of dates when it would be convenient to their group to present this entertainment. When we have this information from prospective sponsors, we will make every effort to complete definite arrangements for one of the convenient dates.

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COVER



ALEX ROSS was born in Scotland. He came to America when he was five years old. He has illustrated fiction in most of the leading publications. He illustrated Cardinal Spellman's **The Foundling** and Fulton Oursler's **Greatest Mother of Them All**. He has recently become interested in sacred art and sincerely feels that it needs a new renaissance. About **The Sign** cover he writes: "In my painting of 'The Nativity,' which appears on the cover of **The Sign**, I have chosen to tell the story of the birth of Christ not in a photographically

realistic sense but in a manner which strives to interpret the supernatural and intrinsically beautiful moment in history of the Incarnation.

"Emanating from the Christ Child, and bathing the Blessed Mother and Saint Joseph in its splendor, are the warmth and glow of Divine Light. Surrounding them all are many signs and symbols of prophecy. The Dove, traditionally a symbol of the Holy Ghost, holds up one corner of the square of earthly existence, upon which the Infant lies. In back of Mary, the shape of the cross looms, into which are driven the three nails of the Cross. The green cloth, or shelter, in back of Mary represents the Epiphany.

"The lilies on the staff of Joseph are a long-used symbol of Joseph, Our Lord's foster-father. The wheat in the vase and grapes in the basket signify the Holy Eucharist; the butterfly is an ancient Christian symbol of the Resurrection."

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

that souls are lost in many instances. Ask any confessor. He, not Mrs. Burton, has the answer.

A CONFESSOR

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Liturgical Art

Need we say that we admire your stand (June, p. 49) on what unfortunately seems to be a controversial issue in the Church—original creations of contemporary artists. Regardless of whether one favors representational or abstract art, it seems almost obvious that there should be room for expression in religious art for all forms.

This fact seems to require an educational effort directed toward a laity which has been habituated to what the "ad men" would call, "inferior substitutes." Don't be discouraged by adverse reader comments. Run more of the same features and articles; a pictorial feature on somewhat less abstract creations.

JAMES H. MULLIN

PHILA., PA.

Good People and Crosses

I am sure that it was by an act of God that I recently purchased the October issue of **THE SIGN**. The cost was small, but one article entitled "Good People Must Have Crosses" (page 49) is priceless to me. . . .

It has helped lift me out of the depths of despair and discouragement. . . .

JOHN F. SULLIVAN

FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA.

The Sacristy Door

Many thanks to Father Kilian McDonnell for "At the Sacristy Door." It was most reassuring to us busy wives and mothers.

I enjoy **THE SIGN** thoroughly and can't understand the intolerance of so many readers. In this country, even **THE SIGN** has the right to express honest opinions. If we don't agree with them, we can at least respect them.

MRS. SAVERIO L. SANTORO

DIDHAM, MASS.

Labor Is All?

. . . You objectively present one side of a picture but apparently entirely ignore the other.

I am referring to what may be called your "labor policy." . . . While we must safeguard the gains that labor has won, I don't think labor is the "lily-white boy in short pants" you always give the impression it is. . . .

Isn't it time we had **THE SIGN** taking the side of complete righteousness—acclaiming management and labor which meets its obligations, and damning management and labor which does not?

G. G. BRUCIA

SOMERVILLE, N. J.

See article by Victor Riesel on page 35 of this issue

"How Catholic Is Austria?"

Congratulations and many thanks to Fay Behan for his fine and understanding treatment of "How Catholic Is Austria?" . . .

The undersigned has just returned from doing work in Austrian rural and family life, both, since World War II, highly sensitive areas. Developments in these by no means warrant optimism. Even in the often romantically admired rural mountain districts have religious devoutness, birth-rate, and family life suffered greatly at the expense of the so-much vaunted American (Continued on page 78)

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A Step by Step

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Day by Day Guide

13	14	15	16
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*Publishers of MY IMITATION OF CHRIST • MY DAILY PSALM BOOK
MY SUNDAY MISSAL • CHRIST IN THE GOSPEL • MY WAY OF LIFE*

DECEMBER

1955



VOL. 35 NO. 5

The Sign

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The First Christmas



EDITOR'S NOTE: *This month we present a guest editorial—from the Gospel of Saint Luke. No more beautiful or significant passage has ever been written than his story of the first Christmas*

And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled.

This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus, the governor of Syria.

And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth into Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David.

To be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child.

And it came to pass that when they were there her days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night-watches over their flock.

And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them and the brightness of God shone round about them and they feared with a great fear.

And the angel said to them: "Fear not for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people.

For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

And this shall be a sign unto you, you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

And it came to pass, after the angels departed from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another "Let us go over to Bethlehem and let us see this word that is come to pass which the Lord hath showed to us."

And they came with haste and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger.

And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child.

And all that heard wondered and at those things that were told them by the shepherds.

But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

(St. Luke 2:1-20)



EDITORIALS

IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

MANY prominent Americans have outlined partial strategies for dealing with the problem of juvenile delinquency on its modern massive scale. These strategies have ranged from providing playgrounds for potential delinquents to putting their papas and mamas in jail. In all the suggestions which have been responsibly reported, there is some sound sense. But we think Bishop Buddy, of San Diego, has been fighting for the most dynamic idea of all.

His, too, is only a partial strategy and would need to be applied in combination with others. But it would be the most important element in whatever strategic combination is appeared.

The Bishop would have a common-denominator religion taught in the public schools. This basic religion would infringe on the domain of none of the organized faiths. It would oppose no positions but those of atheism, with its absent God, and secularism, with the forlorn Deity who is kept locked up in church all week and entertained for an hour each Sunday.

Such a nondenominational religion is contained in the ten commandments. The commandments are a positive statement of the natural law—the law which underlies and is indispensable to all regard for civil law and social order, to say nothing of personal integrity.

Analyzed, the transcendental doctrines of this religion are 1) that there exists an infinitely admirable God who can

and will effectively approve good and punish evil; 2) that, with His authority, this God backs the equal rights of all men and the validity of all rightly established human law and convention

WE think the Bishop has hit a bull's-eye with his suggestion. Mere playground diversions will not cure delinquency. Kids are notorious for getting tired of

Youth Reserves Space for God

legitimate entertainment like riding a see-saw and shooting baskets. There comes a time when they are overtaken by an itch to throw rocks at other kids' heads or to flood the school basement at night. As a prophylactic against this itch, they need a bigger policeman than the cop on the beat, a more disturbing dread than a licking by the "old man." They need God.

God will give them credit for the good they do, without making them feel like sissies for doing it. And He will rasp their conscience when they do wrong, much more than the thought of jail.

God really fits into the scheme of things and is needed to make sense out of the duties of life. Nobody knows this better than the juvenile. Nobody is more willing to make room for God, right in the center of his world, than the juvenile. But something else is necessary. And this is the essence of Bishop Buddy's program:

Somebody has to tell the youngster about God.

United Press



"Christmas is Christ's Birthday," proclaims this billboard, one of many being promoted by the Christmas Committee of Davenport, Iowa. The

group hopes outdoor religious ads will help counter increasing commercialization of Feast. Theirs is a timely reminder, lest we forget. . . .

WE are frequently astonished at misconceptions of the simple thing which is called "democracy." Often enough, such misconceptions are perpetrated by people in high places. Such misconceptions are practically

"Children of the Jury"

endemic to that loud group who

—by their own account of themselves—are the most simon-pure liberals. Consider the recently publicized case of lawyers "bug-

ging" jury rooms.

Their idea is to eavesdrop on what jurors say and how they act in arriving at a verdict. A subordinate idea is to keep the jurors from knowing they are being listened to, thus making them more relaxed and natural—not defensively on display, not inclined to act a part.

As a result of such spying—which is the correct name for the sport—they hope the jury system may be improved. New rules may be made. Verdicts may be more realistic. Justice may take less of a beating.

But, about the democracy of this pontifical nosiness, make note of this:

It was not the jurors who suggested the experiment. In fact, they were not even asked for their approval. Their protected sanctuary was invaded electronically by the attorney and the judge. These keyhole-peepers listened, shook their heads knowingly at each other, clicked their tongues, and gasped.

We see here a brassy assumption of superiority. The juror is not treated as an equal. He is treated as a child, watched, spied on. His right to routine legal etiquette is disregarded.

The true arrogance of this gumshoe survey can be observed more sharply by visualizing an equivalent case. Suppose, for instance, that a small group of smart-aleck jurors bugged a couple of law offices and listened in on conversations between lawyers and clients. By their account, the idea could be to improve the ethics and processes of advocacy. Or to discover the mere tricks of pleading and thus immunize jurors against attempts to distract them from evidence. This excuse would be at least as plausible as the one noted above.

But how do you think the law fraternity would react to the project? The response would be an almighty and perfectly justified blast of rhetorical thunder.

The comparison, however, doesn't end there—in a simple, hypothetical "if." The real comparison—and it reveals the thinness of the democratic veneer in which some of our most vocal sages disguise their real political spirit—lies in this bit of cold history:

Certain judges and attorneys *have* conspired to bug jury rooms. But jurors *have not* yet grown impudent enough to bug law offices.

WITH the farm problem a hot political issue, it is bound to be a major topic of discussion during the coming year. Unfortunately the atmosphere of a

Our Constant Farm Problem

political campaign does not favor rational discussions of complex issues. The trend is for easy solutions with a catchy political appeal. The basic problem can be stated simply. Farmers are producing more than the market can absorb at fair prices. While the prices of farm products decline, costs to the farmer have not gone down. In fact, they have risen slightly in most areas.

There is nothing an individual farmer can do about this. He cannot produce less or shift into other crops, unless other farmers do the same. Some central direction is needed. The various government programs for agricultural aid have aimed to give this element of planning. They have tried

to keep production to a level which would meet needs and yet give the farmer a good price.

Unfortunately, farm production is not easy to plan. Even leaving aside the uncertainties of weather, a central plan has to cope with the human element. If the number of acres to be planted to a crop is restricted, farmers tend to cultivate their allotment more intensively. Hence, in spite of all efforts to curtail output, we have constantly increasing surpluses.

These surpluses usually end up in government storage. This is costly and tends to depress markets further. While needy persons throughout the world might welcome these stored crops, it has not been politically easy to dispose of them. Other nations complain that we are disrupting their markets by selling under cost.

THE present administration is trying to cut down surpluses by a policy of flexible price supports. Lower support prices are supposed to warn the high-cost producer to shift from crops that are being overproduced. By this method production is adjusted to a level that the market would support at reasonable prices. From a

Politics and The Benson Program

purely economic viewpoint, the Benson program is as sensible as any proposed thus far. It avoids the problem of constant surpluses and the subsidizing of unneeded production. Its political appeal is less certain. We must remember, however, that it has not yet been given a fair trial. The present drop of farm prices resulted from the old program.

There is a social aspect to the farm question that we should not overlook. Prosperous farms today are those which are large enough for extensive mechanization and the use of the most modern techniques. As a result, even with declining farm prices, the price of farm land is rising as farmers try to expand their holdings to more economic sizes.

At the same time, farm population is declining. There are a little more than five million farms in the United States today. One-sixth of our population lives on farms whereas, forty years ago, one-third of America was on farms. In view of the social values of farm living, this is not a trend to be encouraged.

Thus we have a conflict between economic and social values. Unless we are prepared to subsidize less efficient farmers, there is bound to be a further decline in American farm population. This vital aspect of the problem is almost completely overlooked in current political and economic discussions.

LIKE all birthdays, the birthday of Christ is an occasion for counting blessings. Fortunately, there are more to count at this writing than seemed to be shaping up a year ago. There is still no hot war burning and blackening the landscape of the political world. Even the cold war—which has not

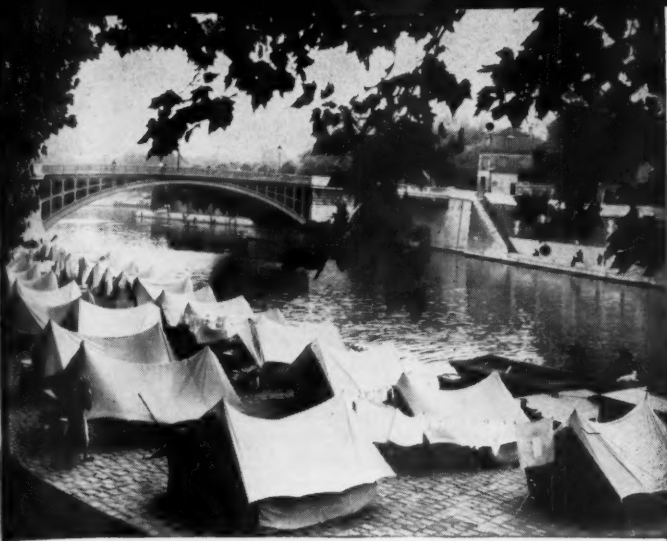
Merry Christmas!

abated—is being conducted in an atmosphere garlanded with smiles rather than with grim looks and ready insult.

England has been spared a high scandal in Princess Meg's dutiful decision to forego an ungodly romance. France seems to have begun to realize that colonialism is in its last throes and that no amount of dallying will forestall the impending facelifting which will transfigure the format of every empire.

Our President is on the road to recovery and we are thus spared the crisis which would accompany a mid-term reorganization of the Administrative team.

These are a few of the blessings which come readily to mind from the current scene. We can cheer ourselves with the recollection of them while we congratulate Our Lord on His birthday and wish each other well.



United Press

The approach of winter in Paris is again making demands on French Abbe Pierre's movement to supply housing for the poor. To meet the demand tent cities are appearing on the picturesque banks of the Seine River



United Press

Bearded German P.O.W., released by Soviet, happily embraces young nurse who greeted him on arrival. First group of 602 returnees received rousing welcome and plenty of food at stop-off enroute to their homes



Wide World

Sense of responsibility to the crown and to her moral duty marked Princess Margaret's decision not to marry Group Captain Townsend, who is divorced. Nobility is not yet dead



United Press



Wide World

Ngo Dinh Diem emerged as chief of state from recent South Vietnam elections which deposed playboy Emperor Bao Dai. Diem then proclaimed republic, a step toward stability

This is one of 400 churches that once flourished in Moscow. All but fifteen have been converted into living quarters, offices, work shops. Such is the fate of religion in Russia

Tale of Two Cities. Protestant celebration of Reformation Day, 1955, offers a study in contrasts. In Detroit, according to the *Michigan Catholic*, the observance "was marked by [a] peaceable and noncontroversial spirit." In Connecticut, however, the *Catholic Transcript* had to complain, the day saw the majority of Protestant pulpits turned into "artillery posts" against the Catholic Church.

We don't claim to know the reasons for such divergence in Protestant behavior, but we do think that Protestants who insist on berating the Catholic Church year after year might profit from the bit of fraternal correction implicit in the Rev. Ralph Sockman's words to Detroit Protestants stressing that they were not convened to "attack the roots from which the church had sprung."

Daily Papers, Please Note . . . A protest was raised by Bishop Alan Heenan of Leeds, England, against reports in daily newspapers of squalid little crimes that serve no other purpose than to bring great pain to the unfortunates' innocent families. "Nobody is interested" in news of such crimes, said the bishop, but you can count on the press to report them. "So an innocent family will hang its head in shame and when a man who has endured his three or six months comes out, he is ruined, thanks to the press." The American press deserves this censure as much as the English press. The morbid fascination of some newspapers with news about fallen unfortunates can only serve to please those who share the same morbid fascination.

The Public Philosophy. Rev. John Courtney Murray, professor of theology at Woodstock College, Md., thinks it is up to Catholics to restore faith in the public philosophy on which our American concept of government rests. "For it is our philosophy, our tradition." The problem confronting Catholics, he says, "is the communication of the public philosophy to the public which has lost the capacity to believe in the public philosophy." The answer, Father Murray suggests, lies in teaching and promoting the ideal of the good public servant. "We do instill the ideal of the good Catholic, the good father and mother, the honest business man, the high-principled professional man. But we do not urge the ideal of the good public servant, of the man who possesses the public philosophy and makes it operative in office."

"We need more Catholics in public service, competent, principled men in government, in the foreign service, in the activities of the local community. We need them because we need more and more agents of the revival of the public philosophy."

Views in Brief . . .



Protestant groups in Indiana have protested erection of crucifix in a public park of Highland, Ind., by Knights of Columbus. How negative can such secularist-Protestants become?



Harris & Ewing
Narcotics Commissioner Anslinger urged stiffer prison sentences to deter hoodlums who take flier in dope peddling for profit. Bigger penalties would raise "business" risk



United Press
UN truce chief in Palestine, Maj. Gen. E. L. Burns, urged "some action" by big powers to prevent full-scale war in area. Communist military aid to Egypt has increased tensions

Promises. During election, candidates for public office make sweeping promises and those in public office are condemned for not keeping promises. We know that prudence imposes a moral obligation on a candidate to intend, and to make sure that he will be able, to carry out his promises. But prudence also recognizes that circumstances may change and that policies may have to be changed. It would be foolish to condemn someone in public life for not keeping his promises if, because of an unforeseeable change in circumstances, keeping them went against the common good. It is sometimes easier to be consistent than to be right.

Prudence, finally, warns voters not to put too much confidence in the candidate who promises the most or who appeals to their personal profit or prejudices. If candidates have a moral obligation not to make vain promises, voters also have an obligation not to think greedily of just themselves.

Dressed Up. Cardinal Newman once warned of the danger of thinking that vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness. The danger is still with us. Pornography in the pulps becomes sophistication in the slicks. What is crude on the corner becomes smart on the stage. What is revolting in rags becomes unfortunate in mink. What is called promiscuity among the poor is referred to as an affair among the rich.

It is easy to be very, very moral when our sense of propriety is offended. And to be very, very different otherwise. This attitude seems to be growing among the writers and reviewers of movies and plays, among authors and book clubbers—and consequently, one suspects, among their audience and their readers. And it shows up in the more ordinary routine of everyday life. It is a very subtle thing—for it does not openly attack morality. It quietly sneaks in and substitutes itself. We cannot afford to be deceived by its being socially acceptable. We must be devastatingly honest with ourselves.

Testing. At year's end, we look back to measure our progress and our strength. But even in looking at the Church's position, we run the risk of being overly impressed by material gains. The *Catholic Herald* of London has a good warning about testing the Church's strength: "It is not primarily a question of numbers, whether of converts or lapsed; it is not even a question of the external strength in the number of churches and schools. It is the degree in which Catholic themselves live consciously and purposively lives moulded and impregnated by the values of Christ."

Christopher in the Pentagon

My career change the world?

Yes! says Mr. Pike and
then goes on to show
what the Christopher move-
ment has meant to him

by John C. O'Brien



Thomas P. Pike, Assistant Secretary of Defense

WHEN Thomas P. Pike addressed the graduating class of Georgetown Visitation Convent in Washington, of which his daughter was a member, he presented to each graduate a copy of Father James G. Keller's book *Careers That Change the World*. If they would study this book, he assured the class, they would learn how they personally could help to bring God-founded values into the main stream of everyday life.

Pike presently holds one of the biggest jobs in the country, yet he never misses an opportunity to preach the Keller message.

"It has worked for me and I know it will work for you," he says. "With it you can change the world."

As Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of supplies and logistics, Pike is responsible for the over-all policy direction of the procurement, transportation, and storage of the supplies of the military services. Compared to his vast operation, the giant General Motors

Corporation is a pigmy. It has been estimated that the value of the holdings of the Defense Department, including land, buildings, inventory, supplies, and equipment, is about \$155,000,000,000—more than the assets of some 3,500 leading corporations in the United States.

Another responsibility that falls upon Pike's shoulders is the determination of the materiel requirements necessary to fulfill the nation's strategic plans for defense; in other words, mobilization of the country's industrial capacity in the event of war.

One may wonder where in the execution of such a huge and mundane task in such an impersonal atmosphere as pervades government there is room for "bringing God into the market place." But Pike says there is.

As an example Pike cites a staff meeting held the week floods brought death and destruction to many towns in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and other states. To his associates he suggested that if each employee in his division of

the Defense Department would make a small contribution for the relief of the sufferers it would be a practical demonstration of Christian responsibility for the welfare of a neighbor. He offered to match dollar for dollar whatever was contributed by the employees. In a few days contributions had mounted to \$2,000 and Pike had to draw his own check for a like amount.

"There was no pressure brought to bear," he says. "The contributors all volunteered. It was a fine example of responsible citizenship."

Pike divides his life into two periods—before and after he met Father Keller. As some 10,000,000 Americans who listen weekly to his television and radio broadcasts well know, Father Keller is the founder of the Christopher movement. Pike first met him at the home of the priest's brother, a long-time friend.

JOHN C. O'BRIEN has for many years covered events in the National Capital for our readers. Mr. O'Brien is head of the Washington Bureau of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

"From the day I met him the whole course of my life changed," Pike told this interviewer. "The action program of the Christophers is one of the most powerful ideas at work in this country today. We hear so much from certain groups about our liberties being taken away. But Father Keller is stressing the truism that for every liberty there is a corresponding obligation. And unless we live up to our obligations, our liberties are likely to become mere license."

AT the time Pike first met Father Keller he was not a Catholic. He was deeply impressed by the priest. But he says Father Keller had nothing to do with his later conversion.

"I went into Catholicism the hard way," Pike explains. "I took instructions for two years from Father Thomas J. McCarthy, then pastor of St. Philip's Church in Pasadena. His down-to-earth sermons moved me greatly. But, while he was a skilled psychologist, when he undertook to instruct me he was unable to banish a few doubts that continued to trouble me. Finally, I met a young, red-headed priest from Ireland who helped me to resolve them, and I was received into the Church twelve years ago."

Pike feels strongly that unless Americans demonstrate in action what he calls the "true and dynamic" meaning of "Thy Will be done," it is entirely possible that we will lose the cold war with Communism.

"It is just as possible," he says, "to freeze to death in a cold war as it is to be consumed in the holocaust of an all-out atomic war."

In a very real sense, he points out, believers are running a race against time.

"The Godless," he says, "are working night and day to marshal their forces against us. As a prelude, or perhaps even a substitute for atomic war, they have chosen to undermine our institutions and ideals. But failing in this, they will stop at nothing. Theirs is a crusade—not merely against everything we hold dear but for a way of life which would reduce man to the level of the beast."

Now in the prime of life—he is forty-six and with a crew haircut looks younger—Pike is a tall, athletic man with strong features dominated by deep-set, blue-gray eyes. He speaks from conviction and his associates say he has great powers of persuasion. He seldom finds it necessary to appeal to the Secretary of Defense to bring the top brass around to his views on defense policies.

Pike was born in Los Angeles and attended Harvard School in that city. In 1931 he was graduated from Stanford University with an A.B. degree in economics. Following graduation he became associated with a firm of oil well

and industry property jobbers, rising in time to the position of sales manager. In 1938 he decided to strike out for himself and organized the T. P. Pike Company, which engages in drilling oil wells in California, Wyoming, Texas, and Mexico.

After meeting Father Keller, Pike got to thinking how he could put the priest's program into action in his own business. He decided that the way to do it was to take his employees into a sort of partnership in a profit-management-sharing scheme.

"We built our plan," he says, "on the basic principle that every man has latent talent which is management's job to develop. We felt that every employee of ours was entitled to participate in every aspect of the business that he was capable of participating in."

"We introduced profit sharing as an incentive to our men to do better work. We set aside 30 per cent of profits before taxes for distribution among the employees. One surprising result of this has been that our profits have increased tremendously every year since the plan went into effect. We now operate more drilling rigs than any of our competitors."

"But to my mind, the profit sharing

• Home is where part of the family waits until the others are through with the car.

is not the most important aspect of the plan. It's the sharing in management that gives the men a sense of dignity. They sit in at meetings with management, the profits and loss sheets are available to them, they participate in discussions of the problems confronting management and their suggestions for solving them are given as much consideration and weight as those of the executives. These meetings are open to every employee, executives, foremen, rotary men, and drilling crews. They all have come to feel that they are part of the team, not merely employees of management."

Once he became convinced that profit-management sharing would bring management-labor relations into line with the principles of Christian action, Pike did not stop with his own company. He became a sort of crusader for the scheme throughout the country.

During one Lenten season he organized a study group among Catholic employers in Los Angeles to discuss ways of putting Christian action to work in industry. He says he was shocked to find so many of them ignorant of the social principles set out in Pope Leo XIII's encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (which Pike considers prophetic in its wisdom) and in Pope Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*.

While he was living in Los Angeles, Pike moderated discussions on collective bargaining at a school for Catholic trade union leaders at the University of Loyola. He spoke often at the Stanford University School of Business Administration, the University of Southern California, and various other schools. He helped organize 200 firms into the California chapter of the Council of Profit Sharing Industries, of which he is still western trustee.

Pike believes that it is the duty of men who hold that spiritual leadership is urgently needed in our country to answer a call to service for the government, even if it entails financial sacrifice. Government, he points out, is only as good as the politicians and the public servants.

This being his strong conviction, it did not take him long to make his decision when Charles S. Thomas, then Assistant Secretary of Defense, asked him in September, 1953, to become his deputy. In May, 1954, when Thomas became Secretary of the Navy, Pike moved up to the top position.

In executing the complex job entrusted to him, Pike uses time and energy with the same devotion that he has displayed in practicing his newfound Faith. His associates report that he seems never to tire. He goes to his office at 8 A.M., reads every paper requiring his signature, often suggesting changes, holds two-hour staff meetings almost daily, and withal finds time to respond to innumerable invitations to speak to Catholic groups throughout the country. His only relaxation is an occasional game of tennis.

ABOUT the only time Pike shows impatience is when he reads jibes by columnists and newspaper editorials about the "infiltration" of the federal government by wealthy businessmen. He contends that the administration of most government agencies is mainly a business operation and he asks why it is wrong to bring in men with business experience instead of politicians to do the job. Most of these businessmen, he points out, came into government at tremendous personal financial sacrifice. "Never in my business experience," he says, "have I found a more devoted, hard-working, dedicated group of men than those with whom I have been associated in the Pentagon."

Pike lives quietly with his wife and family—Jack, twenty-one, a student at Stanford; Micki, who graduated from Georgetown Visitation Convent this year; and Mary Catherine, a student at a Catholic Girl's school in Maryland—oddly enough in the house in Georgetown which was at one time the home of Alger Hiss.

Christmas cribs with live animals are being built in towns everywhere as . . .



Christmas Comes Alive

by ANOBEL ARMOUR



Live animals stock this manger on the campus of Seton Hall University
Courtesy Seton Hall University

OH, the little baby lamb is going in to see the little Baby Jesus!" the bundled-up boy exclaimed. His mother smiled down at him. She could understand his excitement and awe because she was excited and awed herself. Why, she had never seen a Christmas crib with live animals before either, and she was grown. Together they tiptoed along the fence so that they could be closer to the crib.

Christmas had come alive for these people because a group of electricians in our city had an idea. For days they had been stringing up lights for other people's displays. Why shouldn't they have one of their own? There was a fine triangular lot right beside their business building, which was already fenced off.

To begin with they built an open stable with stalls on each side. They strung lights like little stars and then placed a huge bright one right over the stable. In the stable, they placed fine figures of Mary, Joseph, and the Baby Jesus.

After that, they acquired a brown donkey to stand in one open stall and a brown cow for the other one. Two ewes were brought in next. One of them had a baby lamb. The other one had two. Since it was December the grass was no longer green but hay was placed in mangers and spread over the ground. The lambs ran and played and the children cried out with delight. Some of the electricians dressed like shepherds, taking turns so that there would be no moment of the day or night when the sheep didn't have a shepherd or when no worshippers were at the crib. Music was added and recordings played the lovely carols and hymns day and night.

Now a regular pilgrimage began. Because the lot was a triangle, cars could

reach it from the streets on either side and those on foot could come and stand at the fences and look in wonder. Christmas cribs had been seen in our city before but this was the first with live animals. They made the simple things which had surrounded Mary on that first miraculous night seem very dear and very close. They made Christmas belong to the common people—everyone. The crib in Greccio, set up by St. Francis and his brothers, must have been something like this. For he too had used live animals to make Christmas come alive. And he too had made music.

St. Bonaventure, in his *Life of St. Francis*, describes this crib in the forest chapel. He tells how St. Francis got permission from the Pope to set up this *Praesepe*, the Italian word for crib, in Greccio in 1223. He wanted Christmas to seem close to the people. He wanted them to feel the human touch of a family, as well as the divine presence of God. An ox was brought in. An ass was brought in. There was a manger. There was hay. Crowds flocked to this little chapel and St. Francis conducted the service. In addition to the singing of the service, it is said that he was so pleased and happy that he sang other songs in which the people joined, bringing the carol and the hymn at Christmas into their first prominence.

Many countries have set up these cribs since St. Francis began it. As time went on they became more elaborate, with great artists working on backgrounds and with many devoting their time to carving or painting the lovely figures. Perhaps the most celebrated one is at the shrine of Madonna delle Grazie, in Italy.

St. Francis would have liked the

ones in the homes the best, I think. All through the year the children collect little new figures to add to the already beautiful group around the manger. Sometimes the faces of those figures which have been used by the family for a long time have to be repainted. Or maybe Mary's blue robe needs retouching. This is a reverent labor of love. The light of the star may have dimmed but it can always be brightened with gold leaf or gold paint. So dear is the crib to the hearts of the folk who set it up that sometimes the children even give the little lambs names.

The use of the crib is not confined to Europe. All over our country, many big cities have made the manger a central theme in the decorations for the holy season. Others are taking up the idea.

SAN FRANCISCO has a fine scene with live shepherds and a whole flock of sheep. There is a manger in Northfield, Minnesota, which is often snow-covered but always surrounded by people who come to add a bit more wonder to the worship which is already in their hearts. In the heart of St. Louis there is a crossroads manger with live sheep and cows, camels and donkeys.

The South has its mangers too and they are particularly lovely with their backgrounds of real palms, in the Florida section, and with the soft boughs of pines in the Carolinas and in other spots where these latter grow so abundantly to keep Christmas green. St. Francis was inspired when he brought the live animals into his *Praesepe* in Greccio, in Italy, in 1223, for now the whole world is worshipping and singing praises to the Christ Child—as Christmas comes alive.



The cloisters of Santa Monica near the plaza of Puebla, Mexico. Built in 1606, it was changed into a convent in 1688



The beautiful, sprawling patio of the convent was hidden from the world more than seventy-five years

The Secrets of the Hidden Cloisters

A whole convent cannot simply disappear. But Mexico took seventy years to find one that did

by PAUL C. BENARD

WHEN she read Title I, Article 27 of the new Constitution, the Mother Superior was outraged. "This convent has been here for 169 years," she exclaimed, "and it's going to be here for a good many years to come—whether the Mexican government says it's illegal or not. Its doors will never be closed!"

The Mother Superior was wrong about one thing. Eight days after the adoption of the Reform Constitution of 1857 which outlawed parish houses, monasteries, and convents in Mexico, the cloisters of Santa Monica in the city of Puebla succumbed to the pressures of the anti-Catholic government. It did close its doors. But she was right about something else. The convent did continue to exist for a good many years—for seventy-seven years, in fact—right under the noses of the police authorities and directly across the street from the city jail.

On the night that word of the new law reached Puebla, the Mother Superior held a hasty meeting and outlined a bizarre and fantastic plan to the other Sisters and to a handful of sympathetic citizens. For almost a week, the Sisters and their friends labored—tearing down walls, hammering, saw-

ing, digging, painting, and plastering. And when the government officials came to Puebla from Mexico City, the Mother Superior received them.

"Of course we are going to close our doors," she smiled. "There are two kinds of law, you know. The law of man and the law of God. And we Sisters know which of the two is the more powerful." The inspectors, apparently satisfied, entered in their reports a notation to the effect that "the Convent of Santa Monica has been closed as ordered" and they moved on to the next town, completely unaware that the Sisters of Santa Monica had chosen the Law of God.

Within a few months, the old Convent had become just another private home in a quiet, residential district. And the good Sisters whose long black robes had swept along the cobbled streets of Puebla since 1688 were all but forgotten. They were forgotten until early in 1931, seventy-four years after the closing of the convent, when a merchant whose shop was in the same block made a secret visit to the police.

He was suspicious, he said. Something strange was going on in the old house. He wasn't quite sure what it was, but it was something. For a long

time now, large quantities of groceries had been delivered twice a week to the house, much more than a family of five could consume. He'd asked a few questions and the *señora* had told him she'd been reduced to operating a boardinghouse. And it could very well be true, the merchant admitted. Many persons had been seen going in and out of the house. "But it could also not be true," he added, "because none of the visitors ever stay."

THE police weren't interested. They dismissed the merchant with a we'll-look-into-it, and he went home. But he came back next day. Last night, he had heard organ music coming from the old house. He had paid the *señora* another visit this morning. He'd managed to stroll through the entire house and he'd seen nothing resembling an organ. The police officials laughingly accused him of having bad dreams, but one of them—a detective who was notoriously anti-Catholic—showed considerable interest in the mysterious music which came from the house that used to be a convent. He'd heard this same rumor before, but he'd never paid any attention to it. Perhaps the time had come for a routine investigation.

The "routine" investigation lasted two years. The detective, accompanied by a workman, paid a visit to the

PAUL C. BENARD has published articles in radio, TV, and film magazines, as well as in *Travel*, *Male*, *Man's Life*, etc.



The walls of the patio are bright blue and yellow. They represent some of the most delicate tilework in Mexico



Archbishop Manuel Fernandez de Santa Cruz founded the convent. His heart is preserved on the altar of the chapel



A wall cupboard in the dining room leads to the hidden cloisters. A button enables the cupboard to swing open



Photos by Luis Marquez

The inner office of the Mother Superior. The door at the right leads to a very small, concealed entrance to the chapel

house across the street. They wanted to inspect the wiring, he said. He inspected the wiring for five days and found nothing, so he sent to Mexico City for two engineers. He demanded a survey. When the survey was completed, the detective knew the merchant had been right. Something strange must be going on in the old ex-convent because one large square, right in the middle of the block, seemed to be entirely missing!

A new and more extensive search of the premises was undertaken. Every square inch of the house was thoroughly investigated. Walls were tapped, rugs were removed, and finally, in desperation, the detective decided to become a "boarder."

Months went by and the mystery remained unsolved. But one afternoon as the family sat down at the large,

inlaid dining-room table for *comida*, the detective noticed something he hadn't seen before—a small, black button behind a vase of flowers on a small stool.

He got up and crossed the room. Five frightened faces watched him as he pressed the button. There was a moment of silence. Then slowly the back of the cupboard swung open, revealing another room. A small, withered nun sat at a desk which faced the opening, her wrinkled fingers clutching a rosary.

The detective blew his whistle, his associates hurried across the street from the police station, and the search was under way. That afternoon, the police discovered a tunnel, leading from the small office to a chapel and a sacristy, and beyond that the cells of the Sisters of Santa Monica. Sixteen aged nuns, the youngest sixty-one-years-old and the

oldest eighty, were detained in the convent under police surveillance. The family who lived in the house was arrested and imprisoned.

The next day, the surveyors were called in again. After consulting their diagrams, they told the detective that large areas of the missing square were still unaccounted for. The investigation continued. It continued for three weeks. Forty more nuns were discovered in hiding. The old Augustinian convent, a maze of hidden passageways and tunnels, was confiscated by the government, and the fifty-six Sisters were held in custody within the walls where they had shared their remarkable secret.

One morning, when the police arrived to move the nuns to the city jail, they found the entire convent deserted. The prisoners had been

(Continued on page 77)



Friendship House Christmas play helps bring the real meaning of the feast home to neighborhood children

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



Peggy Bevins, director, lights four candles of Advent Wreath, symbolic of the coming of Christ, the Lord

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE CHRISTMAS

Christmas in Harlem is a time for prayer, love, and rejoicing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK MOORE

RESTORING CHRIST to society has always had a special meaning for the staff members of New York's Friendship House, where a few dedicated laymen have made a career of bringing Christ's love and mercy to the most neglected of God's rejected children: the Negro poor. At Christmas, this meaning becomes particularly poignant. For it is in this holy season that Christ Himself comes, poor and helpless and alone, to make a gift of Himself to the World. Amid the sordid and overcrowded slums of Harlem, Friendship House serves as an in-

strument of His coming by bringing joy to the hearts of children, food and clothing for the bodies of those who hunger and go poorly clad in the bitterness of winter, and succor and counsel to those who weep and are confused. Like John the Baptist, the Friendship House people help "prepare the way of the Lord" in a more direct manner, too. A Christmas playlet for the neighborhood children, an Advent Wreath with its four symbolic candles: all these are outward signs of the imminence of the world's greatest event—the coming of Christ.

CHANTING THE DIVINE OFFICE IN ENGLISH IS PART OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE ROUTINE THROUGHOUT THE CHURCH YEAR





Contrast between pagan and Christian views of Christmas can be seen in windows of Friendship House and neighboring bar

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE CHRISTMAS . . .

BEARING WITNESS to the year-round meaning of Christmas is not something to be done from a soap box, but in the quiet living of meaningful Christian lives. This is the Friendship House way: daily living with Christ in the Mass, in the works of mercy, and in the voluntary acceptance of the counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience. This is more than enough to provide a stark contrast with our un-Christmaslike world. But it is an everyday matter to those who bring Christ to Harlem.



Neighborhood boys find a good friend and counselor in Barry Shay, a former high school instructor from Buffalo, New York



Staff worker Frances McGonigle runs clothing room, sorts apparel for distribution to the needy



Staff workers pack Christmas food packages for poor families. Food was donated by local grocery markets

Jean Rogers, a staff member, visits Negro family of seven whose only home is a rundown, one-room cubicle

... A Sign Picture Story



Song is the natural expression of Christian joy and at no time is it more appropriate than during the Christmas season. Here, Friendship House staffers and visitors join in singing the old familiar carols

The Flutter as of Wings

Before Hal left, the three rooms were home. Now they were only another tenement. She was alone. And the thought of the baby only increased her panic

by Robert Cormier

SHE knew she had acted bravely, carried it off well, said all the right things. And if she had cried a little when he kissed her, she hoped he thought they were just tears of departure, the kind of tears every soldier's wife must weep at one time or another.

He had chucked her under the chin just before he got on the bus that would take him to the airport—and at the airport to a plane that would carry him off to another continent—and said to her: "Take good care of my little family. . ." A private, tender joke to make her smile at the last minute.

She had smiled, wanly, saying: "You can't call a baby that isn't even born yet a family. . ." And then somebody had called him. A frantic kiss with enough love in it to bridge the year he would be away and then he was gone.

Now, she was back in the apartment, alone. That's all it was, just an apartment, so much second hand furniture. Before Hal had left, the three rooms had been . . . home, a place of warmth, with love brightening the rooms. But now it was only another tenement on the outskirts of an army post.

She stood at the window a moment, trying to hold back the panic, scolding herself. "You're a big girl now," she told herself. But it was a futile effort. I'm not brave, she thought, I'm a coward. And without Hal, I'm nothing. She turned from the window in desperation and her glance caught the bootees, half-completed, that lay on the table. But the thought of the baby only increased the panic until it flooded her.

If his orders to go overseas had come a year ago—or even a year from now—it wouldn't have been so bad. But now . . . with a baby coming. She picked up the pink bootees (they wanted a girl and her name would be

Holly) and held them for a moment, and her fingers began to tremble. The same fingers that had begun, a few weeks before, to knit the bootees lovingly.

She dropped the bootees as if they had blistered her hands. Hal had told her time and again that the promise of the baby coming would be a comfort to her. Something to occupy her time. Knitting. Buying a tiny wardrobe.

He knew she could never stand being alone, she who had been alone so much. She had never had a family. In Hal, she had found understanding because he had been an orphan, too.

"That's why we've got to stick together," he had teased her. "There's nobody to run home to . . ."

And so they had started a family of their own. But before she had even finished the first pair of bootees, his orders for overseas duty had been posted.

For Hal's sake, so that he wouldn't be concerned while so far away, she had managed to be lighthearted about the baby. "At least," she told him once when he himself had entertained doubts about being halfway across the world when the baby was born, "you won't see me when I'm all fat and pokey. I've still got my girlish figure." And she had drawn in her stomach.

She had been acting then, but now in the lonely apartment there was no one to act for. There was no use pretending for a baby who wouldn't be born for months to come.

An airplane roared in the sky above the house. She went to the window again and watched the wings glinting in the sun. By now, Hal was winging over the ocean and each moment took him further away.

Tears blurred her vision. Remember-

ing the way Hal teased her, she chided herself: "Is this the way for a mother-to-be to act?" Maybe, she thought, clutching at a straw, maybe if I continue to act brave, the way I did when Hal was here, then the courage I need will come.

She wiped away the tears with the back of her hand. Poor little Holly. What would she think, knowing her mother was a cry-baby? Holly . . . she said the name aloud. Hearing the name in the quiet room seemed to bring the child closer, seemed to wash away the time that must elapse before the name became a reality.

Thinking that way, months ahead, she found that courage of a sort did come, courage enough to enable her hands to steady themselves, courage enough to make herself don an apron and begin peeling potatoes for supper.

She had found a crumb of comfort to nibble on and the crumb lasted during the evening while she knitted for Holly, and kept her thoughts on the future. The baby would be born in December, near Christmas time, and that's why they had chosen the name Holly. "And what if it's a boy?" Hal had asked, joking. "There's no guarantee about these things, you know. . ."

"We'll call him Santa Claus," she had replied. But she knew deep in her heart that it would be a girl. And when Hal came back he'd look at Holly and say, why she's beautiful, just like her mother. When Hal came back. . .

She felt the loneliness returning. And so she put away the knitting and started bedtime preparations. Somehow, she got through the bath; somehow, she put out a note for the milkman and wound the alarm clock; somehow, she got into bed.

And then in the bed with the dark-

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LUKE



She felt the tears blur her vision. "Is this the way for a mother-to-be to act?"

ness muffling her and only the ticking of the alarm clock for company, she found that her eyes were wet again. She knew then that the courage that had sustained her through the evening had been a false courage. It couldn't last until the baby came. It had vanished already.

She twisted in the bed, feeling the emptiness beside her, stretching her hand toward the other pillow, the pillow that Hal had always managed to knock to the floor before morning came.

I can't go on, she pleaded silently. Her thoughts groped in the darkness and found momentary refuge in prayer. And then she thought: what is there to pray for? Can it make time go faster? Can it take away all the nights like this that stretched ahead?

She had never been so alone . . . and that was when it happened, the flutter as of wings, the tiny movement inside of her, a quickening.

She lay still for a moment, in wonder. And then it came again, like a heart-

beat but more than a heartbeat. The first, faint stirring of life, the flaming of a tiny spark.

"Holly," she whispered. And suddenly the baby was not something months away, a name to whisper aloud for courage.

She closed her eyes and felt the tension melting. She thought of Hal and the thought, even though he was so far away, warmed her. She knew that she wasn't alone anymore as she lay there in the dark, listening, waiting.

Parochial elementary schools in this country are bulging with nearly three million pupils. Thousands of children are being denied Catholic education because there are not enough nuns to teach them, so Catholic educators everywhere are recruiting lay teachers to meet faculty needs.

Some parish schools are offering more money for teachers. Others are trying to attract retired and new teachers in the name of Catholic Action. But many parishes do not have more money to offer. And it is difficult to coax laymen into schools where they can never be principal or even assistant principal.

Despite these emergency efforts to enlist lay teachers, the situation is growing worse, not better. In five years it is estimated that 60,000 more teachers will be needed for the swelling population of Catholic schools. Enrollments may even double by 1970, according to current predictions.

A unique Cadet Teacher program

is successfully combating the teacher shortage in the Diocese of Buffalo, N. Y. At the same time, the program provides girls with college educations that otherwise would be financially out of reach. The idea is so simple it almost escaped conception and so adaptable it is beginning to spread to other crucial areas.

Cadets actually teach their way through college, earning B. S. degrees in education in five years. Each girl spends one semester a year studying at D'Youville College in Buffalo and one semester teaching in a diocesan grade school. Separated into pairs, cadets alternate so that one is at college while the other is teaching.

Adjustments are made in traditional college curriculum sequence to prepare cadets for immediate elementary school teaching after their first college session. Wherever possible, the cadet teaches in grades having two sections; a nun teaching one section works closely with the cadet teaching the other.

Cadet college tuition is paid jointly by the diocese and by the participating elementary schools, which in turn benefit by having the equivalent of one teacher for each pair of cadets. A \$500 grant is given to the cadet for each teaching semester.

THE program was developed five years ago by Msgr. Sylvester Holbel, superintendent of diocesan schools. Msgr. Holbel had been conferring with Bishop John F. O'Hara of Buffalo (now archbishop of Philadelphia). They agreed they would need many more teachers than the nuns of the diocese could ever provide through vocations.

At first Msgr. Holbel and Bishop O'Hara thought of offering free college extension work—Saturdays and summers—to girls willing to teach in diocesan schools. The monsignor took it from there and came up with the cadet-teacher program.

"A desperate situation often induces

BUFFALO'S CADET TEACHERS

Catholic schools need teachers.

The problem is: where to get them?

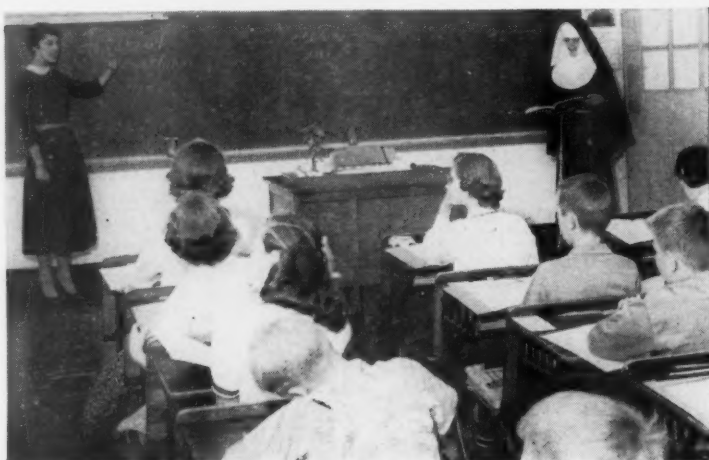
The Diocese of Buffalo, N. Y.,

is tapping new sources of teachers with an imaginative, new program of lay teacher training

by Don Barry



ABOVE—Buffalo's cadet teachers spend one semester a year studying at D'Youville College. Typical cadet is Carol Romance, second from left



fundamental thinking," Msgr. Holbel later remarked. "If there are no lay teachers, create them."

By increasing the teaching staffs of Catholic schools—where most religious vocations are fostered—the cadet program attacks the shortage on still another front. More teachers means more pupils. And more pupils means more religious vocations—including nuns trained for teaching.

About 120 girls are now participating in the program at D'Youville, which is run by the Gray Nuns of the Sacred Heart. Cadets are eligible for all social and cultural activities enjoyed by other students. Last November a college Cadet Club was organized. The club is now flourishing and has monthly programs pertaining to teaching and education.

College scholastic requirements for cadets are higher, in a sense, than for regular D'Youville students. Sister Mary Theodore, head of the college educational department and director of

cadets, said cadets need 133 credits to graduate while others need only 128. "The cadets are devoted to their work" Sister Theodore says. One of them was graduated *cum laude* in June when the first cadet class received degrees.

IN teaching, paired cadets work together. Both are with their assigned elementary school class at the beginning of each year, so that the cadet teaching the second semester will not be a stranger when she arrives to take over. Between college semesters, both cadets are again together in the grade school to co-ordinate their work.

As freshmen, cadets visit diocesan elementary schools to observe experienced teachers at work. Even during non-teaching semesters, cadets frequently visit their assigned classes.

"The cadet program is here to stay," states Father Leo E. Hammerl, associate superintendent of diocesan schools, who is in charge of the program. "Our cadets are capable and conscientious,

and the plan is beginning to attract other girls coming out of high schools."

Only highly qualified candidates are accepted for the cadet program, Father Hammerl points out. Applications are made through high school principals, who must make recommendations. Candidates are then carefully screened. While teaching, cadets are under strict supervision.

Virtually everyone connected with the program agrees that cadets make better-than-average teachers. An analysis of scores in diocesan and standardized tests for elementary pupils shows that "pupil achievement in cadet-taught classes has been very good," Msgr. Holbel explains. Cadets get much more background than regular education students. Each cadet teaches about 2½ years during her training.

Now, with cadets easing the immediate emergency, D'Youville is striving for completion of a summer session and a full year before the cadet's first teaching stint. Cadets usually begin college



ABOVE—Teamwork is keynote for cadet pair, Joyce Markle, left, and Madonna Sweet, who alternate instruction of same class

LEFT—Cadet Pat Suchan gets on-the-job training by teaching alternate semesters at Ss. Peter and Paul School



Msgr. Holbel: For the Catholic schools, experienced teachers

with a summer session. Then in the fall, one cadet teaches while the other remains at college. In the spring, the girls trade places.

Pat Suchan, of Buffalo, a member of the cadet class which graduated in June, has this to say about her education: "The program is advantageous for a girl who is wondering if she is really equipped for teaching because she gets a taste of it very early in her training."

Critics of cadet-type projects have charged that young, inexperienced teachers cannot properly educate or discipline our children. But Miss Suchan, who as a cadet taught Grades 3, 4, 5, and 6, refutes such charges.

"I think there is an advantage to teaching while young," she relates. "The children seemed to respond with great enthusiasm, and I enjoyed teaching them very much. I have had no real disciplinary problems."

CAROL Romance, who will be a senior at D'Youville this year, called the program "a wonderful opportunity," adding: "I would not have been able to go to college otherwise."

The Diocese of Buffalo pays tuition for the two or three summer sessions involved in the training. During each school year, the cadet's elementary school pays tuition for her studying semester and the \$500 grant for her teaching semester. The grant is paid in monthly installments during the teaching stint.

A candidate must agree to remain in the program for a minimum of two years. But if academic work or teaching is unsatisfactory, the student may be released after a year. The college may terminate the agreement at any time in cases of neglect of duty, consistent academic failure, marked incapacity to teach, improper conduct, or failure to conform with established regulations. Reasonable requests of cadets to drop

out or transfer to other courses are granted by the diocese, however.

Although cadets are not required to continue teaching in parochial schools after graduation—the services of the girls for five years is considered sufficient compensation—two cadet graduates already have accepted teaching positions in diocesan schools.

The training is rigid and requirements high, but there are bright moments in the lives of cadet teachers. Miss Suchan, recalling her cadet days in the grade school classroom, said the children always seemed curious about her age.

One day, Johnnie, a bright third-grader, got up enough nerve to ask her how old she was. Miss Suchan, who was eighteen at the time, replied with tongue in cheek that she was forty.

"Oh," the child exclaimed in innocent belief. "My mother is forty too."

Many other cadet incidents in elementary schools have imbedded the love of teaching even more deeply in Miss Suchan's heart. There were the simple, hand-made gifts she received on St. Valentine's Day. And there were the little handfuls of dandelions that pupils brought in day after day last May to place on the altar of Our Lady—indicating that to a child the lowly dandelion is a beautiful flower worthy of being offered in high tribute.

Miss Romance likewise is collecting memories while teaching as a cadet. But it is her name, not her age, which seems to intrigue her pupils. One ten-year-old boy, Miss Romance relates, once referred to her in class as "Miss Love."

Although freshmen cadets in Buffalo begin their training in the summer, actually the program could be successfully initiated at the beginning of any semester, according to Father Hammerl.

Cadet systems are operating in other areas of the nation, but most of them differ widely from the Buffalo plan. St. Louis, Mo., and Cleveland, Ohio, are among those using variations of cadet teaching. Seton Hill College in Greensburg, Pa., run by the Sisters of Charity, inaugurated a plan similar to Buffalo's last February. Although up to 20 per cent of the 1955-56 freshman class is being accepted under the plan, the term "cadet" is avoided at Seton Hill.

"We do not wish the students awarded a teaching scholarship distinguished in any way from the other 80 per cent of the student body," Sister Mary Victoria of Seton Hill explains. "Neither do we wish them to feel obligated for the opportunity beyond giving their best to the children they teach and co-operating fully and constructively during teaching periods with the pastor, diocesan supervisors, and the school principal."

In the Diocese of Erie, Pa., at least two colleges this summer began a pro-

gram styled after Buffalo's: Mercyhurst, run by the Sisters of Mercy, and Villa Maria, run by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Each college has eighteen cadets participating at present. The colleges began the program on their own as an emergency measure, but next year it may become a diocesan project.

At Mercyhurst, cadets not only alternate studying and teaching with each other, but are roommates as well.

"I think the cadet program is the answer to our parochial school problem," Mother Eustace of Mercyhurst says, "but it calls for careful direction, careful thinking, and careful planning."

REGARDING the Buffalo plan's success, Msgr. Holbel told the National Catholic Educational Association:

"It is raising the standards of our lay teachers. With it, we have been able to accept hundreds of children into our elementary schools who otherwise would not be receiving Catholic education. At the completion of the plan, the cadet is not a theorist, but a teacher with almost three years of experience."

What's more, the cadet program enables competent girls to obtain expensive college educations.

At D'Youville, for instance, cadets receive not only education valued at about \$2,500, but also a like amount in grants for their teaching. Most D'Youville cadets live in Buffalo and commute to college.

At Mercyhurst, where most cadets live on campus, tuition would ordinarily cost a girl more than \$6,000 for the duration of the program. And Mercyhurst cadets receive about \$2,000 in grants for teaching.

At both colleges, textbooks and incidentals are the cadet's only expenses—a small price indeed for a good Catholic college education.



Father Leo E. Hammerl: The cadet program is here to stay

A
SIGN
PICTURE
STORY

Photographs by Franz Hausmann



Austrian Children's Town

When sad, frightened children laugh again, that's a Christmas miracle.

But at this Children's Town, such miracles happen all year round

AUSTRIA, like most of Europe, found itself with a flood of abandoned children after World War II. Homeless and destitute, they were left behind after families were wiped out, or came over from the East as refugees, or were simply the luckless "children of the Occupation." In 1949, a young Austrian medical student, Hermann Gmeiner, chose to devote his life to these forsaken children. What they needed above all, he knew, was a home: warm, loving, and permanent. With the help of friends from Catholic youth groups, he set about providing such a home in the form of a children's village near the Tyrolean town of Imst. Together, they begged and borrowed funds and recruited devoted women to work as "mothers" to the children. A year and a half later, Gmeiner's dream was a reality. Love and warmth went to work and smiles replaced tears on the faces of Austria's forgotten children.

The family spirit of the Children's Town
quickly heals the joyless scars of war
and restores brightness to darkened lives

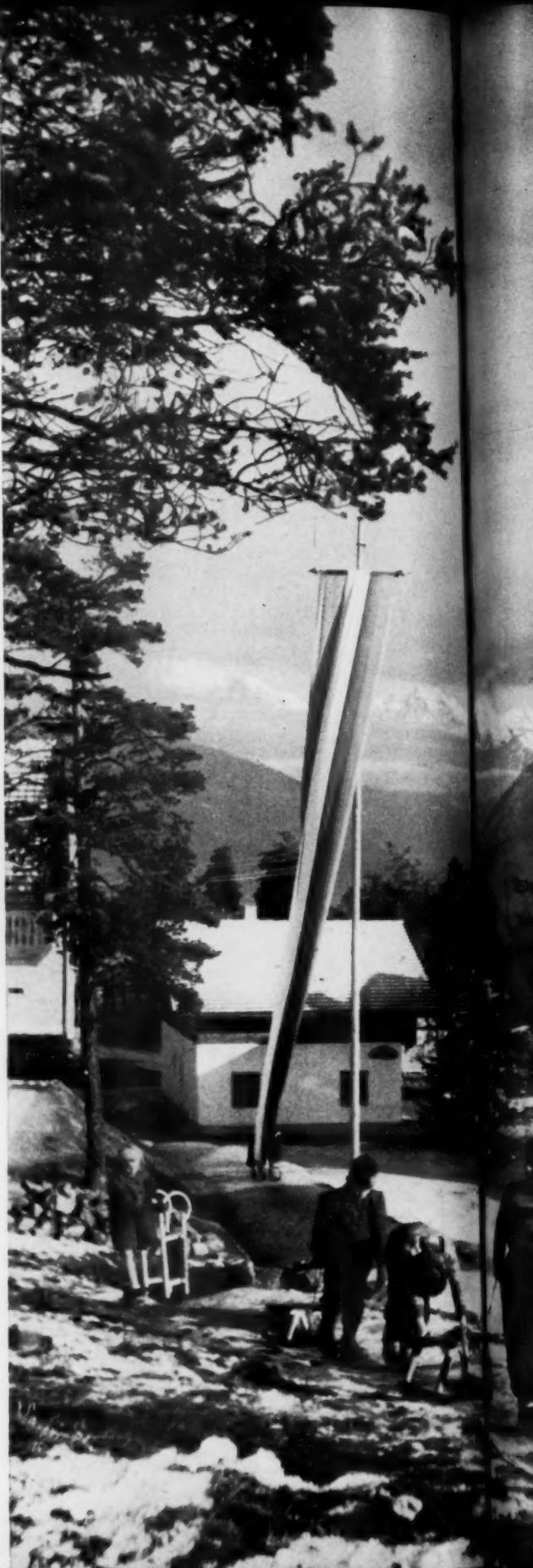
RESTORING joy to the heart of a twisted, embittered child is no task for the indifferent or the careless. At the Imst Children's Town, some twenty house mothers and staff workers care for the Town's 150 children in an atmosphere that is as family-like as it can be made. In each house, the "mother" gives her eight to ten children all the love and care that a natural mother would give. The children in each "family" are both boys and girls mixed without regard for age groups—as they would be in a real home situation. Together they work, play, and study as ordinary children would. The success of this approach is seen in the brightness of their once darkened lives.



This young children's villager has already developed quite a talent for music. When she grows up, she wants to work on the stage



Director Gmeiner talks to the children during Advent, preparing them for Christmas





On Feast of St. Nicholas, there are 150 pairs of shoes to be filled with goodies

Austrian
Children's Town ...
A Sign Picture Story



Little Helmut lost his mother at birth and his G.I. father in Korean war



Children celebrate the Feast of the Epiphany with a procession commemorating the arrival of the Magi in Bethlehem. Strong sense of the liturgy permeates training
Like children everywhere, there is nothing children's towners like better than a sleigh ride

The Real Santa Claus

by Gerard Eliot



St. Nicholas, patron of good children

IT is about sixteen hundred years since Saint Nicholas died. Although he has remained the same in the unchangeable kingdom of heaven, he has undergone many changes in the stories told about him here on earth. He has undergone so many changes, in fact, that you probably don't know him; if it were not for his heavenly wisdom, he would hardly recognize himself. For the stories have taken from him the dignity of bishop; they have laid aside his halo; they have even changed his name not only to the rather flippant (for a saint, at least) Saint Nick, but to the more popular, and somewhat less polite,

Santa Claus. Santa Claus is—well, at least he was—Saint Nicholas.

Our modern ideas of Santa Claus must cause the saints to raise their heavenly eyebrows and the angels to flutter their very ethereal wings.

For Saint Nicholas was a bishop of the Church—a very real and very holy bishop, who died on the sixth of December in the year 345, or maybe it was 352. He was, moreover, a very remarkable person and he did some very remarkable things. But people began to talk. You really can't blame them. There was the time, for instance, when a ship was caught in a terrible storm and the sailors prayed to Saint Nicholas. Before the next wave splattered over the deck—there was Saint Nicholas! And by the time the wave *had* splattered over the deck, the storm was over. Now this kind of thing started people talking. And people's talk was, it seems, the beginning of Saint Nicholas's trouble. They talked him right out of his halo.

The early stories, however, never forgot that Saint Nicholas was a bishop and a saint. It is the modern stories that spoil things—or at least spoil Saint Nicholas. It is the modern stories that make it difficult to picture Saint Nicholas as a very real person and impossible to picture him as a bishop and a saint. The modern Santa Claus would be very much out of place if he strolled into the kingdom of heaven. The angels and saints would not know quite what to do with him. Even with their celestial knowledge, they would not mistake him for *their* Saint Nicholas. The real Saint Nicholas (besides being in the kingdom of heaven) is in the early stories—serious and funny and horrible stories, but stories that always end happily, thanks to Saint Nicholas. Stories like those of the angry Jew or of the murdered child.

Many years after Saint Nicholas had died, a Jewish merchant placed a statue of Saint Nicholas in his home to protect his fortune while he was away. And he expected Saint Nicholas to do a good job! But there were robbers in those days and the robbers, who were waiting for the merchant to go away, broke into the house. And they took the money. When the merchant came back he was angry and blamed Saint Nicholas. Imagine the embarrassment of Saint Nicholas before the entire heavenly court—and they all knew about it—when he was accused of being a thief! The merchant, in fact, was so angry that he

began to beat Saint Nicholas—no, not the saint himself, but his statue. There was only one thing for Saint Nicholas to do. He caught the robbers and demanded that they restore the money. After that, Saint Nicholas became the favorite saint of all merchants.

There is also the story of the murdered child. It is a rather horrible and startling tale. A certain nobleman used to celebrate the feast of Saint Nicholas with a big party for his son. During the feast, a beggar came to the gate and asked an alms. This beggar was really the devil—disguised, of course, for the devil doesn't look at all like a beggar. The father sent his son to give the beggar an alms, but when the son reached the gate the beggar was walking down the road. The son ran after him. This is what the devil hoped he would do. He seized the boy and strangled him to death. The father fell on his knees and prayed to Saint Nicholas to help him. And then a wonderful thing happened. Immediately the son returned to life. This may be why Saint Nicholas was always a very special saint of children.

This is the Saint Nicholas of the early stories—a saint who helped the needy and protected the weak and brought happiness to all by his heavenly power. The people respected him and loved him and prayed to him. But this is a different kind of Saint Nicholas from the one we are used to. The one we know is no longer the Saint Nicholas of old, no longer the bishop of the Church, no longer the saint of the heavenly court.

THE new stories did horrible things to Saint Nicholas. They took away his heavenly halo and put a red hat on his head. They took him out of heaven and put him at the North Pole—a very lonely and unpleasant place. They gave him a sleigh and some reindeer—and, really, anyone knows a saint doesn't need anything like that in order to travel around. And then they changed his name; or at least they forgot what his name really was. Poor Saint Nicholas! People no longer recognize him—and certainly never think of praying to him—when they see the chubby, funny-looking man in the red suit and cotton beard. In fact, they don't even believe he's real! . . .

So if you want to know whether there really is a Santa Claus . . . about the man in the store window, I'm not so sure. But if you mean the saint in heaven—the saint who is a bishop, who has a very shiny and very heavenly halo, who listens to our prayers and who can really help us—if that's whom you mean, oh, there most certainly is a Santa Claus. But remember—Santa Claus is Saint Nicholas.

TERROR

unincorporated

**Good men in the labor movement can't beat terror
singlehandedly, for terror is unincorporated.
They need the help of great, public, moral indignation**

by Victor Riesel

THE old man had traveled a long way seeking justice. For his efforts—he got a kick in the belly. He recovered. But the man who kicked him and the men who sat and watched might not recover. That kick could injure more than the insides of a man who had come to his union brothers for aid. It could shatter an old crusade for which men have died and starved and have even sacrificed the daily bread of their little children.

Fred Walling is the name of the man who was kicked. He is soon to be seventy years of age. He is a union man—a rank-and-filer. He carries a card in the International Union of Operating Engineers and he doesn't much care for the manner in which his Local 132, West Virginia, has been run. He does not like alienable rights.

So he went up to the capital of this country to appear before the national rulers of his union—the Executive Board of the Operating Engineers. They lead, if you will forgive me the expression, some 200,000 men who run the cranes, the bulldozers, and the other heavy machinery which rip the earth before smooth ribbons of concrete roads can stretch across the land of the free and before sleek, shiny buildings can reach up for the sky as symbols of the power of the people below.

The men of the Operating Engineer Executive Council are the highest court in this international union so vital to

burgeoning America. These portly men—who eat more regularly these days than old Sam Gompers who launched the crusade from a packing crate desk and a shanty for an office—these portly men sat on effete chairs in a suite in Washington's Hotel Hamilton on the morning of Wednesday, October 12, resting their heavy, but not work-worn, hands on the long table.

This was the tribunal before which Fred Walling appeared and pleaded for help in fighting what he believed to be unjust and total rule of his local union. Before him, too, sat one Roy Melton, ruler of that local union. Walling spoke. But not for long. Suddenly Brother Melton arose, strode to the chair in which Walling sat—and kicked the suppliant right in the stomach. No one moved. No one seemed to notice. Walling gasped, unable to talk. The international union's will-o'-the-wisp president, William Maloney, friend of extortionist Joe Fay, friend of extortionist William DeKoning, Sr., heard no sound from Walling.

And Mr. Maloney, with the *noblesse oblige* of a latter-day Scrooge, said that Brother Walling's case would be considered. Next?

There were two men out in the hall awaiting justice, too. They were younger, huskier. They did not get kicked. But they waited six hours for the tribunal to admit them.

They had come down from New York with their grievances, for these were fighting men. Bill Wilkens and Pete Batalias are their names. They had fought totalitarianism on the battlefield. Bill Wilkens remembers well what it means to be in a prison camp—he spent seventeen months as a P.O.W.



WILLIAM DE KONING, SR.
Wide World
A union became a family heirloom . . .



WILLIAM DE KONING, JR.
Wide World
... to be handed from father to son



WILLIAM E. MALONEY
United Press
The undertaker for an old crusade

VICTOR RIESEL, a columnist whose work is syndicated in 183 daily newspapers with a combined circulation of 23 million readers, also lectures and does radio, TV, and magazine writing.

They had taken about as much as they could in their union—Local 138 in Nassau and Suffolk counties on Long Island. They had seen their union brethren shaken down as unconscionably as longshoremen on the now famous waterfront. They had seen men pay for their jobs. They had seen union brothers forced to kick back in a score of sleazy ways to the union chief, William DeKoning, Sr. They had seen union members forced to buy drinks and spend heavily at the Labor Lyceum, a bar owned by DeKoning. They knew that DeKoning also ran the union at nearby Roosevelt racetrack—and that the man even cut into the union members' tips. Small wonder DeKoning rolled up at least \$800,000 in the extortion end of his business alone.

They had seen an official open a local union meeting with a club instead of a regular gavel. One of them, Batalias, was beaten and hurled from the union hall for insisting on the right to speak and question officers. That was on the night of January 28, 1955.

THEY saw some justice when authorities finally indicted DeKoning for extortion and Willie DeKoning, Jr., for conspiracy and coercing employers.

There was some joy when the older DeKoning was sent to Attica State Prison for all of eighteen months. This, then, was the moment for reform. The reformers, led by Wilkens and Batalias, pushed a 12-point program which tells its own story of the dismal efforts the DeKonings and men like them have made to push the crusade down slimy, rutted roads of corroding corruption.

Read the 12-point reform program—for it asks for relief from bondage.

"1. Move out of the Labor Lyceum and build our own building and no outside business enterprises.

"2. Election of officers through a secret, certified ballot system.

"3. Regular itemized quarterly financial reports, annual printed financial statements for each member, and regular reports on . . . the union's welfare plan.

"4. Revision of the welfare plan to give Local 138 the top standard among the building trades.

"5. Transfer into the parent Local 138 of all members of Local 138-A who have been performing the work of engineers and have been members of the union for five years. (These men have no rights to vote. Some have not had the privilege for over ten years—Victor Riesel.)

"6. Give preference to older men in assigning lighter-type work.

"7. Adoption of a pension plan for all engineers.

"8. Adoption—at no additional cost to the membership—of a family insurance program which would provide educational endowment policies for engineers' children and benefits for engineers' widows.

"9. Treatment of all contractors on a fair and equal basis.

"10. Establishment of an intelligent, progressive program of apprenticeship training.

"11. Co-operation with all other building trades unions to promote the best interest of organized labor.

"12. Elimination of one-man rule and the placing of control of the union into the hands of the membership, where it rightfully belongs."

The young reformers remembered an old crusade. They wanted to return their local union to the labor move-

ment. They fought. But this union is a family heirloom. Just a year after the older DeKoning went to prison, his son, William DeKoning, Jr., replaced him as president. Junior simply got a letter from his friend, William Maloney, international president.

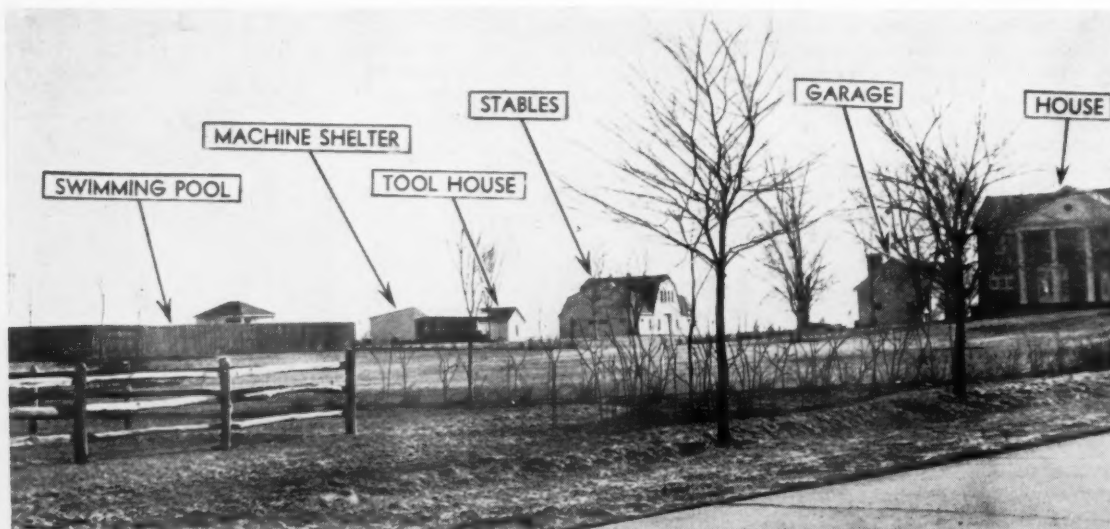
The letter said that the local's executive board was now empowered to make DeKoning, Jr., president.

Voila, c'est fini! If you don't like it, quit. Or just try to get a job. Well, Wilkens didn't like it. Batalias didn't like it. I've sat with eleven of these reformers. I've listened to them talk of their hardships since they said out loud they didn't like it. After all Willie, Junior, had been convicted, too, although he had received a suspended sentence.

THINGS ran tight for Bill Wilkens. Sometimes he felt like tearing things apart—like the moment when he said he had earned the right to a job by fighting for his country, and he was sneeringly told that "veterans are a dime a dozen."

So Wilkens, Batalias, and the others continued to ask questions from the floor of union meetings and to write letters to their international president asking for justice. Once they even succeeded in tracking Maloney down for five minutes. In Florida, of course. He told them to get out and to stay away from "those . . . newspapers."

Finally DeKoning, Jr., and his colleagues put Wilkens and Batalias on trial—for "disrupting" union meetings. They were suspended from such sessions for five years and fined \$750 each. It might as well have been \$750,000. Then began the long voyage. Finally the two



The country estate of William Maloney, head of the Operating Engineers: What would the old labor crusader, Sam Gompers, say?

United Press

young reformers got a hearing from the high council of the Operating Engineers.

That was scheduled for Wednesday, October 12—the same day Fred Walling came up from the hills of West Virginia to get kicked in the stomach—football style. Wilkens and Batalias saw it happen through the open door as they waited their turn outside the council room. They knew what they could expect when Maloney told reporters:

"I guess he (Roy Melton) kicked at him (Walling), but he wasn't hurt. I thought myself that only a chair was kicked. But then, that's not unusual at union meetings."

Wilkens and Batalias went in to the meeting. They pleaded for a house cleaning. They got a collection of yawns—and a reduction in fines to \$100, but no quashing of their five-year suspension from union meetings.

This came as no shock to the reformers back home nor to the community itself. There on Long Island anger was beginning to lash the area like snake tails from the hurricanes which rolled over the island this summer. The De-Koning dynasty was no secret.

But all one heard was silence in official quarters. Neither local nor state investigators moved in. A union of some 2,000 men was being handed down from father to son. A union on which these workers depended for their bread and butter had become a family heirloom. No political force came to their aid.

Yet these are but 2,000 out of 200,000 honorable working men who belong to this iron barony. These men are husky Americans. They operate machinery which takes brawny shoulders and quick minds. But most of them, from coast to coast, are caught in a steel trap.

I could rip open for you, for example, Local 12 of the western Operating Engineers. This union controls the working lives of 14,000 skilled men in Southern California and Nevada. For some twelve years, members of this local have had no direct voice in its management.

Rank-and-file members—counterparts of reformers such as Wilkens and Batalias of the East Coast—soon found themselves without jobs after they protested or circulated petitions for union democracy. Finally they did force the national office to send out a special supervisor. He was honest. This is what he reported to the membership there:

"I uncovered a sordid, foul-smelling condition in . . . real estate deals, wherein your local union has been taken for a ride to the tune of almost \$100,000. These were trick real estate deals whereby stooges were used as middlemen so that inflated and outrageous prices could be charged to the local union."

It took the members over a decade



George Meany, left, and friend: Comes the merger, terror is still the enemy

just to get such an investigation started.

In another western section of this national union, Local 3, of Northern California, the membership has been unable to learn salaries of the business agents and the manager, the size of expense accounts, the rental income on union-owned buildings or the appropriations for building maintenance and repairs. Any rank-and-filer who complains soon finds himself out of a job.

Thus ugly totalitarianism creeps over parts of the land. Not only is there no outcry, but the national leadership, under Maloney, arrogantly builds a modern headquarters in Washington today just a few streets from the White House.

This national leadership obviously believes it is immune from the moral—and civil—laws which govern us, and of which our capital is the symbol to the world. A great public outcry is needed.

THE AFL and CIO are merging. The AFL-CIO, as it will be known, will have not only the livelihood of 16,100,000 members in its hands, but the fate of America's great industries, too. In its constitution, two lawyers, Art Goldberg of the CIO and Al Woll of the AFL, have written this paragraph in Article XIII, Section ID:

"The Committee on Ethical Practices shall be vested with the duty and responsibility to assist the Executive Council in carrying out the constitutional determination of the Federation (AFL-CIO) to keep the Federation free from any taint of corruption or Communism, in accordance with the provisions of this constitution."

Despite this clause, the new AFL-CIO President, George Meany, actually will have only that power which springs from his own pile-driving ability to give leadership. He may be able to fight for the disciplining of a union as he fought for the decent people on the waterfront.

He may win from the AFL-CIO high councils the decisions needed for discipline. He may be able to expel the politically corroded and the criminally corrupt. He hates them both.

But what then? A whole union may simply secede from the Federation. It would still have power over a community, its employers, and its working membership.

What good, then, would expulsion be? What help would it bring the Wilkenses and Batalias?

If a union's charter were lifted by the Federation, the tough combine would still be there, operating under a new charter, with just a switch in name. A union is unincorporated. It belongs only to its members when it is free and wisely led. It becomes the personal property of muscle men when it is seized and taken from the rank-and-file and from the national leadership of labor.

Suspension from the national federation would mean only the loss of a label. Terror would not be wiped out. It's unincorporated. You can't just wish it away by removing the initials AFL-CIO.

Only great moral indignation spreading over the community can wipe out this terror. Only the angry noise of all people rising in protest can drown out the midnight threats.



Pat at sixteen

"It wasn't the girl that beat me, it was the 71!" That classic quip came from a red-faced male member of the University of Oregon's golf team in the spring of 1953. It explained why he had lost a crucial intercollegiate match to Seattle University's "sixth man"—Patricia Ann Lesser.

Today pretty, par-busting Miss Lesser, pride of the Puget Sound, is the United States National Amateur Champion. She went east in August as "Princess Pat" and came home to the Pacific Northwest as America's undisputed queen of the links.

In the finals of the fifty-fifth annual national championships played at Charlotte, North Carolina, Miss Lesser routed Jane Nelson, an Indianapolis school teacher, 7 and 6. It was something of an academic switch. The schoolgirl gave the schoolmarm a Master's Degree. It was a "lesson from Lesser" as one U.S. golf journal reported afterward.

Patricia Ann, product of Catholic education from grade school days, attends daily Mass at Assumption Church in her home town. She's the Maureen Connolly of the golf world—peppy, personable, unsophisticated, and friendly. It is likely she will become one of the most popular queens in the history of the USGA.

"Pat Lesser is representative of the finest in athletics and Catholic Action in the Pacific Northwest," Archbishop Thomas A. Connolly of Seattle told me recently. "We're all proud of her."

The day she teed off in the finals of the National Amateur, her opponent

GOLF'S Queen Pat

by CHARLES G. JOHNSON



In her pre-golfing days, Pat's athletic ambition found an outlet in football with the boys down the block

said: "Pat, I hear you went to Mass this morning. Do you think that's going to help you?"

MISS Lesser didn't reply. She went out and shot blazing, sub-par golf to close out the match on the thirtieth hole, 7 and 6. This means she was seven holes ahead of Miss Nelson with only six left to play. Forgetting etiquette of the classroom, she taught the Hoosier schoolmarm fairway science Miss Nelson hadn't dreamed of. It was the most decisive victory in the U. S. championships since 1946 when Mrs. Babe Didrikson Zaharias snowed under Mrs. Clara Sherman, 11 to 9.

Patty Ann, as Miss Lesser was known around the amateur circuit when she still wore pigtails, took up golf at thirteen. In less than a year's time she was shooting consistently in the 70's.

"The day I shot my first 77, Dad had a 67. Frankly, I was discouraged. I was afraid I'd never beat him." At the tender age of fourteen she won the Seattle City championship.

Pat's devotion to her father is remarkable. He is Col. (retired) Louis L. Lesser, once a four-handicap golfer, who shoots in the 80's today because he can't pivot. He served in the Navy during World War I and the Army in World War II after first getting a degree at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "Dad somehow skipped the Marines," Pat says with a smile. After retiring from the Army in 1945, he went back to school, took business administration at Harvard University.

Pals from the time Pat was a toddler, father and daughter used to play outdoors together by the hour. They spent countless afternoons at the Seattle baseball park, Washington University football stadium, and Edmundson basketball pavilion. When Col. Lesser left home for the golf links, little Pat tagged along. She learned to play at the Colonel's elbow.

QUEEN Pat has had a loop in her backswing. This faint flaw in her game has caused Col. Lesser, who's a perfectionist, considerable pain through the years. The trouble started back in 1945 when she learned to play with clubs altogether too heavy for a slightly built school girl. Once her swing was put together, it was difficult to change.

On a blustery autumn day six years ago, as Pat was playing a practice round, that tantalizing loop was causing the Colonel conniptions. His repeated admonitions apparently were falling on deaf ears. Finally the strain was too great, and, after watching daughter blast a brassie shot, he exploded.

"No, No, No, Pat," he shouted excitedly, "that's a dreadful swing! You'll never go anywhere in golf if you. . ."

Just then an older daughter, Marguerite Louise, tapped him on the shoulder. "Colonel," she said patiently, "look down there on the green. Pat holed it out!"

Sure enough. The shot had sped straight and true to the hilly apron, taken a high hop onto the green, trickled across the close-cropped grass,

nudged the flag—and dropped in. It was an eagle two!

Col. Lesser, his eye on the loop, had missed the ball's flight altogether. After that formful setback he became almost resigned to the loop as a part of Pat's game. "Just call me Lupe Lesser," she laughs.

Early in her amateur career this Seattle school girl became a darling of the galleries. Her pigtails, easy-going way, and friendly chatter made her a hit everywhere. Playing in the 1950 Girls Junior Championships, Pat's pigtails flopped down over her eyes as she was preparing to make a difficult recovery from the rough. With a toss of her head, she exclaimed: "Oh, those awful horse's tails." Then she stepped up, addressed the ball, drilled a 5-iron over a trap and onto the green. The gallery loved her for it. She won the tournament, too.

Today Pat is poised and ladylike at twenty-two. Pigtails are far behind her. But she still is considered a "regular guy" by fellow players, golf writers, and galleryites alike.

SOME weeks ago I caddied for Pat on her home course, picturesque, pine-tree-dotted Sand Point Country Club, scenically located on the shores of Lake Washington. Adjusting the collar of the Colonel's sports shirt just prior to teeing off, she said playfully: "You must look dapper, daddy."

Calls of "Hi, champ!" greeted Queen Pat on almost every fairway. This royal salute came from caddies, greenkeepers,



Looking like a queen at the age of two, Pat poses in ornate chair Col. Lesser sent home from Philippines



Surprise civic welcome for Pat after winning national title

club members—even from people on porches of homes bordering the fairway. It was the perfect tribute to Miss Lesser's popularity.

Playing in the foursome that day was Mrs. Olive Carlson, who shoots in the mid-80's and is old enough to be Pat's grandmother. Mrs. Carlson is one of the champion's favorite links companions. Invariably her shots split the middle of the fairway. Pat has dubbed her "Down-the-Middle Carlson."

One of Miss Lesser's favorites along the tournament trail is Patty Berg, the famous pro champion from Minneapolis. Invariably when they are playing together in open tourneys, the two golfing Patties attend daily Mass together.

"Patty Berg has a great sense of humor, and we have lots of fun together," Seattle's sweet-swinger says.

"This spring when we were in Madison for the Western Open, I was at Mass with Virginia Dennehy when we heard Patty's footsteps coming down the aisle. We shoved over one seat in the pew to make room, not knowing that Vonnie Colby also had come along.

"Patty took a look at the inadequate space we had allotted in the pew, and whispered: 'FORE!'"

MISS Lesser thinks all the golfers who play in the various amateur and open events are "wonderful girls." In addition to Miss Berg, she is particularly fond of Clare Doran, Virginia Dennehy, Mary Ann Downey, a Catholic girl from Baltimore who is making rapid strides among the amateurs; Barbara Romack, the 1954 U. S. Amateur titlist; and the professional stars, Beverly Hanson, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and Louise Suggs.

What makes Patricia Ann Lesser the queen of women's golf?

She has perseverance—a Ben Hogan-like devotion to hard work. She has excellent concentration, and a fantastic short game. At times her chipping and putting are out of this world. Her long irons are superb, her wood shots above average.

"Pat has one big weakness," Colonel Lesser says, "and I'm afraid she'll never overcome it. She doesn't have the killer instinct. Often when she gets ahead she feels sorry for her opponent. I have actually heard her apologize for sinking a long putt! Can you imagine that!"

In winning the 1955 Western Amateur, Miss Lesser for the final round was five under par over the initial seven holes. She had her opponent seven down. But from her demeanor you'd have thought the Seattle par-buster was

taking the beating. "I'm so sorry," she kept whispering to her opponent. Both girls were almost in tears from embarrassment.

"Pat isn't cold enough about tournament golf," Col. Lesser says philosophically. "She needs the killer instinct of Bobby Jones and Ben Hogan."

Even without a businesslike approach to the game, Miss Lesser has compiled one of the most fabulous records in golf. She is one of four women in U. S. G. A. history to win the Western and National titles the same year. Patty Berg, Louise Suggs, and Betty Jameson were the others. Pat is also the first woman ever to capture the Western Junior, National Junior, NCAA, (U. S. collegiate), Western, and National Amateur championships.

"It was almost comical to see some of the fine men players fall apart against Pat," recalls Father Robert Rebhahn, S.J., athletic director and golf coach at Seattle University. "She has played forty-four matches for our men's team since 1951, and only seven opponents have beaten her. Usually her male opponent presses too hard trying to gain ground in the fairways, and cracks wide

• Most people would be satisfied if they could afford to live the way they are living now.

—Dublin Opinion

open. Pat always stays poised and plays her game.

In 1954, playing as No. 6 man on Seattle's unbeaten links squad, Pat had a 7-1-1 record. Seattle whipped everybody in sight including Oregon State and University of Washington twice.

Queen Pat resides with her parents in Seattle's Laurelhurst section, three minutes from the luxurious, lake-fringed University of Washington campus. She drives thirty minutes daily in her dingy green '37 Chevy coupe to attend classes at Jesuit-taught Seattle University. There she majors in sociology, has 2.8 grade point average and is considered a solid B-student.

Last year when she slipped to "C" in an ethics quiz, Father Francis McGarrigle wrote on the exam paper: "What's the matter, Pat? You're in a sand trap this time!" (She made a good recovery shot, salvaged "B" for the semester).

America came close to losing its No. 1 lady linkster the day the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

"Pat, Marguerite Louise, and I were just leaving the house for church," Col. Lesser sighs, "when the enemy planes swooped in. They machine-gunned the houses on both sides of us. We ran for cover."

That night, as Pat, her mother, and

sister were being evacuated from the area, the silver top of their bus, glistening in the moonlight, drew enemy fire. The bus was machine-gunned and several occupants were injured.

Army life has its drawbacks, and Pat attended six elementary schools in five states before reaching Seattle upon Col. Lesser's retirement in 1945. She was born at Fort Totten, N. Y., baptized at St. Thomas' Church, West Hartford, Conn.; and made her First Communion at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Burlington, Vt.

Her mother, nee Marguerite Vizner, is a native of Hartford, Conn., and the family background is German, Irish, French, Hungarian, and Swiss.

Pat attended Holy Names Academy, located on Seattle's Capitol Hill, and was a star basketball forward in between week-end golf engagements.

Today Miss Lesser is a willowy five-foot-six, weighs one hundred and thirty-one, has brown eyes, brown hair, and one of the deepest tans on the golfing circuit. Nearsighted, she wears glasses and says candidly: "I couldn't see without them."

The romantic interest in her life is John Arbottle, a dental student at the University of Washington. "I'm pinned," Pat says happily, "but we're not engaged yet." He was captain of the 1953 Seattle U. golf team. (Pat won ten matches for him.)

When Pat won the 1955 National Amateur she received a telegram which said in part: "Greetings and my blessing to you, Pat . . . May God bless you." It was signed, ARCHBISHOP CONNOLLY.

RIGHT after closing the championship match on the thirtieth hole, Pat pulled away from well-wishers, raced to a telephone booth and called Seattle.

"I won, Dad—I won!" she cried happily. Not getting any response from the other end of the line, she cried: "Dad—Dad—did you hear me?"

"Dad isn't here, Pat," said her mother, breathlessly. "He just ran down the street to tell the neighbors!"

That long-distance call beat the news services by twenty minutes. "I scooped the AP and UP," Pat laughs. But why shouldn't she—it was her story!

In victory, Queen Pat came up with honors above and beyond the Cox Trophy. Col. Lesser, who after twenty-five years in the Army knows how rank can go to some folks' heads, says reflectively:

"Pat was always a good loser. Now she has showed us she can also be a good winner—a gracious winner. The National Amateur title hasn't gone to her head.

"She isn't just a good golfer, either. She's a really model daughter—so considerate of everybody else."

CHARLES G. JOHNSON is Sports editor of *The Tidings*, Los Angeles Catholic newspaper, and a frequent contributor to *Columbia*, *Catholic Digest*, and *Extension*.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

The Homeless

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, when the feast of Christmas was coming nearer, I wrote on this page of the sad state of the many who had fled their homelands before the Communist terror, among them the Chinese who came to Hong Kong in 1947 and the years following. In the place to which they had come there was little for them, for already there were too many living there and conditions, as my readers no doubt remember, were dreadful—hunger and misery were everywhere. But the exiles brought with them and held fast one precious possession—freedom. Until that is endangered or lost, few of us can realize how precious it is.

Over these eight years, one and a half million people have come as refugees from China to Hong Kong. Few come now; no more can leave save the few who try to escape and succeed. But those who came while the doors were still open have made a place for themselves in their crowded city of exile. Many have established themselves, even if precariously. Yet a quarter of a million still need some help.

They have not by any means been left alone. The Catholic aid alone in Hong Kong has many workers—Christian Brothers, Carmelites, Maryknollers, Trappists, Passionists, Franciscans, and Jesuits are at work there. The Church has a considerable stake in Hong Kong. In fact, it was priests who conceived the idea of building small homes for these people, homes for which the people themselves made the bricks and which cost, when finished, \$146 each, a project so good and so inexpensive that the government is now helping.

When these people came in flight they were homeless and hopeless. They were not so much seeking a new home as fleeing from the old. They had to be fed and given clothing and much of that came to priests and religious for distribution, sent through the National Council of Catholic Women allied with Catholic Relief Services, N.C.W.C. Money to buy medicines and food came and the latter was made into packages from food bought in Hong Kong.

Even yet there is need of these. The women of America have kept collecting and sending, and today American clothing is seen everywhere, sometimes with amusing results. Small boys strut proudly in Red Ryder shirts, and pajamas from the United States are correct daytime wear among the younger ones.

The Hopeful

THOSE WHO WORK in Hong Kong today are aware that the complete hopelessness of the early years is gone; they know, too, that the people are grateful but want to work and earn their own way. The Council of Catholic Women have many letters attesting this. Chen Huen writes that he and his wife can make thirty-three American cents a day: "Imagine our surprise when we receive this parcel of food, the equivalent of a month's salary." A man, once a teacher, writes that he and his family live in one room, damp and dark, but infinitely to be preferred to their own home under Communism. He sends grateful thanks: "All we can give in return is our prayers and a hope that the family of our

benefactor may never know the sorrows of having to leave home." Chan Fook writes that he is full of "happiness and relief at not having to worry about our next meal for some time to come," and the father of the Liu family writes, "Now for seven whole days I can rise in the morning and face my children. . . . Once I was able to help the poor. I wish I had done more for the hungry."

These are Catholic families, but another letter is from one obviously of some other faith. The head of the Lei family writes joyously that a Sister gave them a large package of food: "We ask what religion it is that inspires people to give to the suffering across the world, expecting no return, not even a note of gratitude."

These people work at all sorts of small trades, but there is not a great deal of work to be had. Building the little houses gives employment to some; others search the dumps for something useful, or embroider, or flatten tin cans to make ash trays or pots; some make sleeping bags. And when there is no work to be found and nothing to sell, they beg from those better off. But they try hard to make their own way. When they came this was not so, for they were too hurt and helpless. Today these same people are hopeful, and in great part because they have been helped by those whom one letter writer calls "the unknown people."

The Helpful

BUT IT IS ALSO true that many must still have some help lest the hopelessness come again before they are re-established.

There are so many, in this century of the homeless family, who have no homes but refugee camps; there are so many to be helped. But there is something very appealing in this quarter million exiles at Hong Kong, who are most of them family units and who need only a partial help, for they are eager to help themselves and are succeeding to some extent. But the packages of food made up for them give them not only food but also a sense that their brave flight has not been in vain, their effort has not gone unnoticed.

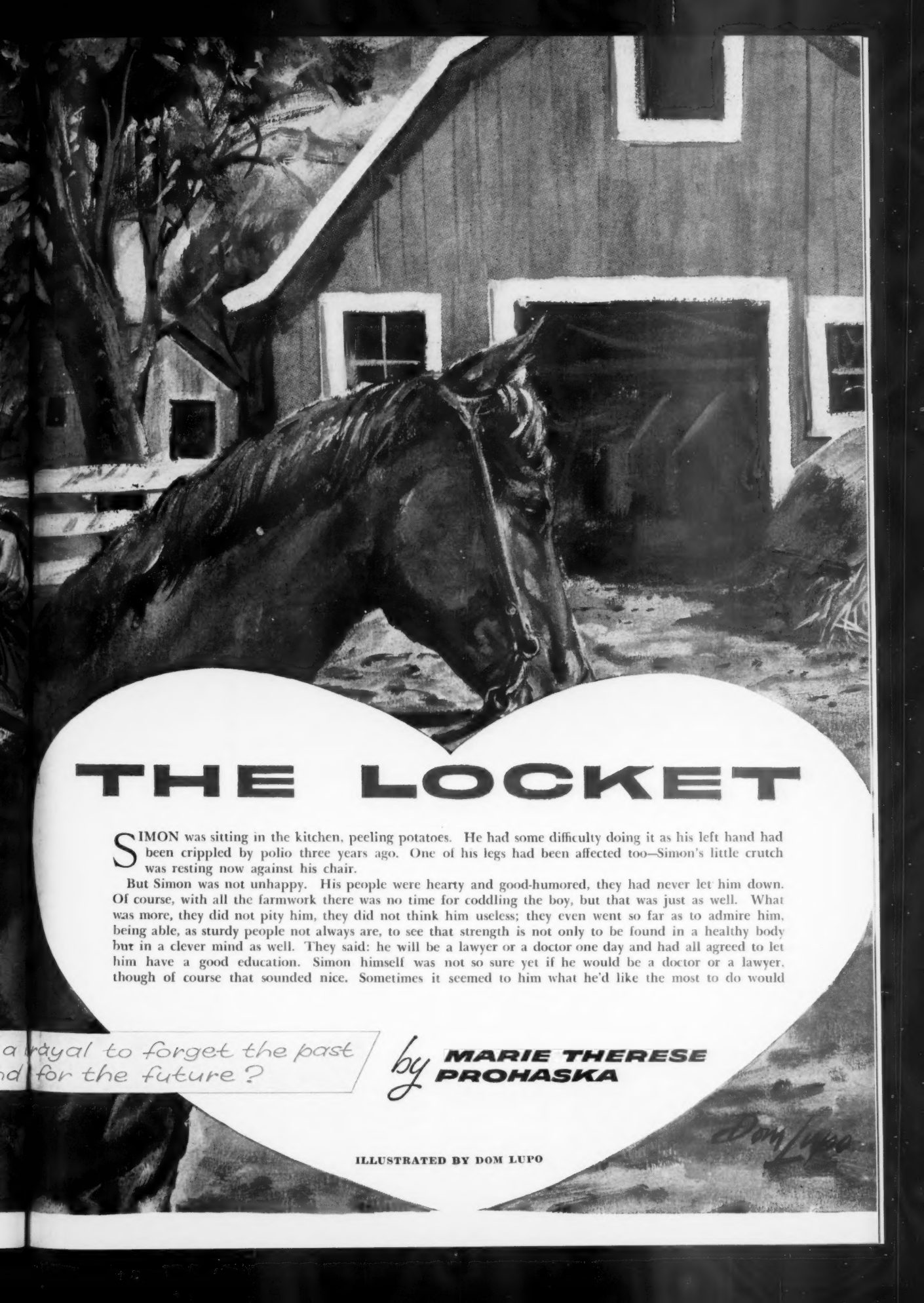
Those of you who want to help again these people you once so generously succored would perhaps send a Christmas offering so that some would have a happier Christmas.

I know that we in America are asked to give in so many places that even one more may seem that much too many. But perhaps some of those among you who responded some years ago with such overwhelming generosity and put hope into the hearts of these people, not alone for the food your check bought but the sense of fellowship that went with it, would again send a small Christmas check to buy them more hope in the shape of rice and cooking oil, of dried fish and eggs. The N.C.C.W., at 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., will bless you for it.

We are all fond of saying that the essence of the Faith is to see Our Lord in every man, woman, and child who needs help. Perhaps, and at this Christmas season especially, shall we not see the Holy Family in these sad, little family groups and lay our gifts at their feet as an offering to the three who, on the first Christmas night at Bethlehem—the town whose name means House of Bread—were poor too but who were secure under the Star of Hope?



Was it a ray
and for



THE LOCKET

SIMON was sitting in the kitchen, peeling potatoes. He had some difficulty doing it as his left hand had been crippled by polio three years ago. One of his legs had been affected too—Simon's little crutch was resting now against his chair.

But Simon was not unhappy. His people were hearty and good-humored, they had never let him down. Of course, with all the farmwork there was no time for coddling the boy, but that was just as well. What was more, they did not pity him, they did not think him useless; they even went so far as to admire him, being able, as sturdy people not always are, to see that strength is not only to be found in a healthy body but in a clever mind as well. They said: he will be a lawyer or a doctor one day and had all agreed to let him have a good education. Simon himself was not so sure yet if he would be a doctor or a lawyer, though of course that sounded nice. Sometimes it seemed to him what he'd like the most to do would

*a way to forget the past
and for the future?*

by **MARIE THERESE
PROHASKA**

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

Dom Lupo

be to write a book. About the farm of course and the people on it, the cows and horses and dogs. It seemed to him at times there was so much going on behind the doings of everyday life—there was another life hidden behind the obvious one, like a room behind a window.

The nine-year-old turned his large wistful eyes on Wanda working at the stove. He liked Wanda. She was the Polish girl whom they had hired four months ago. She was a thin wisp of a girl, with a small pointed face, blue eyes, and hair as fair and soft as a baby's. She had a limp too, for she had been shot in the knee crossing the Polish border. At the first sight of her, Simon's Pa had shaken his head doubtfully; this girl did certainly look too frail for any hard work. But in a few days it appeared that she was most extraordinary around the house. Her slender girlish arms were strong, her dreamy eyes didn't miss a thing. Simon's mother was pleased. "Never had such a help before," she said. "Why, I've never to tell her anything twice—soon she'll know better than I do." Which was an outstanding concession coming from her.

Wanda had a good hand with the poultry too, with the litter of pigs, with any sick animal. And she did all so softly, so quietly—as if the house and barns were full of small children asleep and she anxious not to arouse them. Maybe she was too quiet, almost unreal at times, a fair flower moving around, not a human being; it made you kind of sad sometimes—why she never sang, she never laughed, she hardly spoke at all. She ate with them at one table, she slept under their roof, she did part of their work—but she did not live with them. She doesn't want to, thought Simon. She doesn't care. He sighed a little; it was as if something heavy had touched his heart, something that made him feel helpless and very, very small.

THERE was something else that disturbed him greatly. He slept in the same room with Wanda, up in the garret and so he had learned that Wanda wept in her sleep. There were times he had awakened in the small hours of the morning, listening to this smothered sobbing, so unlike the sound, hearty bawling he had known hitherto as crying. This weeping, Wanda's weeping, made him imagine someone lost in the rain, someone very tired, someone about ready to die. There were times he'd wanted to creep up to her and touch her shoulder. But of course he hadn't dared to do so—but he wanted desperately to tell someone about it. In fact he wanted to tell Dan, his eldest brother. Because somehow he

knew that Dan liked Wanda, not only in the kind way the others did, accepting her as she was without thinking much about her; Dan, he guessed, thought about Wanda. Simon had seen him look at the frail girl as if he wanted to ask her something, and once while he was reading at the kitchen table, Dan had come up and had stroked Wanda's hair. She had shrunk away, not wildly, but with something definite about it. And Dan had left the kitchen, his friendly, open face closing up. No, after this, one couldn't talk to him about Wanda, Simon thought. He compressed his lips and stuck his peeling-knife into one of the potatoes.

"I'm through with them," he announced, "eyes and all."

Wanda came over from the stove. The day was hot and by the stove it was still hotter; her small face was flushed and the hair clung to her temples and her forehead. She bent over the table to pick up the bowl of potatoes and Simon said, "Golly!" and stared at the piece of silver that had slipped out from under Wanda's open collar. It was a big flat thing, heart-shaped and beautifully chiseled; he had

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**• A good example is like a bell  
 that calls many to church.—Danish  
 proverb**  
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never seen anything like it before. It looked as if it held something inside.

"Gee," said Simon, "that's a nice one. What is it, anyway?"

For a moment Wanda never stirred from her bent-over position; her right hand went to the adornment and clasped it. Her eyes were so wild and wide that the child was afraid of something he couldn't understand—looking into those pale-blue eyes was like groping one's way in the blackest night. Then Wanda stiffened. She carried the potatoes away and, turning her back on Simon, she said in a crisp, clipped, lifeless sort of way, "That's a locket. Stas's picture is in it. He made it. He was a silversmith. They killed him."

And then she let the bowl with the potatoes drop, just like that, as if she'd utterly forgotten what she was doing, and walked out the back door.

"Hey, wait a minute!" yelled Simon.

There was no answer. So he picked up his crutch and hobbled outside. But Wanda was nowhere to be seen. He dragged himself around the house, on the porch, into the kitchen garden; he crossed over to the stables and barns, thinking she might seek consolation in the presence of some mild and friendly animal, as he was apt to do in his

childish sorrows. He didn't find her there. He went back to the kitchen and waited a long time. But Wanda didn't come back.

Some feeling in his stomach told him lunch-time was near. He decided it wouldn't be so good for Wanda if the folks came home presently and lunch wasn't there. So he disposed of the broken bowl, put the potatoes on the stove, stirred the soup, and got the table set. It wasn't so bad: he'd helped Wanda many a time with it. Hardest was to get down into the cellar and pick up the beer. He managed somehow, carrying one jug at a time. He was in a sweat when his folks came in. But all looked right so far. He'd even taken out the pie at the right time. He'd hoped Wanda would be back by now and no comment made.

OF course it didn't work out. His father put on his black, heavy brow. "This will never do," he said. "That comes from hiring gipsy-folk."

Ma just shook her head. Dan made a movement as if to get up from his chair but almost as soon he changed his mind, his face assuming that strange, closed-up look. Simon was miserable. An uneasy feeling as of guiltiness bothered him. Why had he had to be so inquisitive about Wanda's locket? He looked furtively at the open door, again and again. But no slender silhouette appeared against the pale-blue sky of the blazing noon.

Simon was glad when lunch was over and he could slip away from under the silence that seemed to have gathered around the family. He cleared the table while the men filed out to return to the fields. He saw that his mother was in a hurry to go back there too. He could tell from the way she threw hot water into the sink, splashing it onto the floor.

"I can do that, Ma," he said. "I can do the dishes all by myself."

His mother shook her head again. "What's got into that girl?" she said. "Maybe your father was right after all."

Simon moved quickly up to her. "Oh no," he said, "she's not a gipsy. Gypsies are all black and brown. And they take things. She never took a thing. Please mother, don't send her away!" he pleaded, with his enormous, blue eyes fastened on the big woman. "She isn't bad. She's unhappy. She won't do it again!"

His mother's face was not unkind when she answered, "That may be so, child. But you can't run away from your work just because you feel unhappy." She looked down into his thin face. Something flickered over her own ruddy one. Perhaps she remembered the day she had looked for the very

first time into the face of her youngest baby, who was also to be the last one. "All right, son," she said, "I won't dismiss her this time. But tell her what I said. Don't put too much soda into the water now—"

She left him to finish his chores alone. When he had done so he felt kind of dazed with the steam and the reek of the water and the heat and all. He went out into the kitchen garden and threw himself on the patch under the gnarled, old apple tree. Almost immediately he fell asleep.

When he awoke his mind was as blank as a shore from which the sea has receded. Wanda was working at the weeds in the bed of cabbages next to him.

"Hello, Wanda!" the boy said drowsily. "You're back."

"Yes, I'm back," said Wanda.

Then the sea came back at full speed and Simon's mind was blank no more but filled with misery and uneasiness. There was something decidedly wrong with Wanda. Her voice had been too hard and flat and her face too, that delicate pointed face, was hard and flat: he had never noticed before that she was so broad across the cheekbones. It was as if a great hand had passed over her features like a spade over sand. "She looks as if—as if she's lost her soul," thought Simon. For a moment he was very proud of what he thought to be a nice metaphor. But his uneasiness was too acute to let him gloat over anything. Suddenly he wished she had never come back at all. He didn't like her now. He wanted to move away from her. A person looking like this, hard and flat and with her soul gone, might do anything.

BUT he couldn't leave her. All afternoon he watched her from a distance, fascinated by what he couldn't figure out, by what he was afraid of. He witnessed Wanda's encounter with his mother when Ma came in to see about the evening meal.

"So you're back," she said, the same as Simon had done.

"Yes, madame," said the girl. Then she added: "I'm sorry, M'me."

But it didn't sound that way. It sounded as if she didn't care a straw, really.

Ma eyed her sharply. "Well, don't let it happen again," was all she said. She didn't repeat the thing she'd told Simon, that you'd stick to it even if you were unhappy. Maybe she sensed speaking to Wanda now would be like speaking to a wall. But later he overheard her muttering to herself: "Now, if that girl is going to crack up—"

It didn't cheer him any. It didn't make him like the idea of sharing the garret



Then she picked the boy up and carried him upstairs

with Wanda at night very much. In fact he felt a little chilly around bedtime. What would become of him if Wanda really were to lose her mind? He eyed her doubtfully by the dim candle-light. Then the candle went out. He heard the faint rustle of her clothes as she undressed in the dark.

Suddenly there was a gasp, as if she'd struck her elbow or trodden on a pin. He sat bolt upright. "What's wrong?" he asked.

She didn't answer right away. Instead she moaned, only once but terrible-like; it made him remember the time when one of the cows died while calving. He made a dash for his pants; he couldn't bear this alone, he had to yell for somebody—but before he did so she answered, quietly enough, "I lost the locket. I

must have lost it in the woods." After a while she added: "Go to sleep now." Her voice sounded as if she wanted to be left alone, could not be bothered with the questions of a small boy.

Presently he heard the bed creak as she lay down. Then silence. He huddled up on his side, tense with the anticipation of her crying. But she did not cry. The mice rustled behind the boards; a bat threw itself against the window-frame; the dog in the yard tugged at its chain. For all these soft noises the little room seemed to be only more silent. Simon heard nothing but his own breath. It would have been a relief now if the forlorn sobbing he knew had started—this silence—it was like being in the same room with a ghost. He couldn't sleep for a long

time. And when he finally did drop off, the feeling of uneasiness stayed with him and haunted his dreams as if he had a fever.

He saw Wanda running for the woods. She was in her nightgown and the moonlight was upon her, not kindly but like a cold finger hooking into her whitish hair; she ran and ran and the cold finger never let her go and, horrified, Simon became aware that she never really made any progress, and then the finger became as bright as lightning and it was across his own face that it struck. He struggled wildly and his eyes came open. A long piercing sunbeam trembled like an arrow on his bed. Wanda's was empty.

"She's gone," he thought, "gone for the woods. To look for the locket." But when he came downstairs she was there at the stove; she had apparently been cooking the food for the sows. She stood with her back to him, staring out of the windows towards the woods. As soon as she realized that the boy had come in, she picked the bucket up, the trash still steaming, and carried it outside.

"She hasn't gone yet. But she wants to," thought the boy, helping himself to a lonely breakfast. He had overslept, the others had already all left for the fields. "She wants to, she'll do so any time. And Ma will have to send her away," he continued his train of thought, munching his piece of bread. Maybe it was better this way—if she couldn't be happy with them—he wouldn't mind now; giving people the creeps, that's what she did—a stranger, after all. Absent-mindedly he picked up a piece of broken crockery from the shelf. Yeah—and breaking other people's bowls.

Suddenly he blushed as violently as if a dozen fingers had been pointing at him. He was a louse, or wasn't he? It was his own silly indiscretion that had led up to all this, or wasn't it? It was, he decided. And he *was* a louse, yes *sir*. And there was only one single thing to be done if he ever wanted to feel decent again.

HE tore an edge from the calendar, scribbled on it, and stuck it between the beer mugs. He fished for his crutch and limped out of the house.

It was still early in the morning but it was already hot. The dew on the fields had died away too quickly, there were big patches where the grass was yellow and the sky looked too near, a sheet glimmering with heat, ready to sink down onto the world. Simon screwed his eyes. The woods were certainly far away, a dark block on the horizon. He hadn't been so far since he'd been sick—well, he'd better hurry. He pushed

through the gate and set his feet and his crutch on the road. He watched the dust billowing up in small clouds under his steps.

By noon the sheet of the sky had assumed a grayish tint. The world was very quiet. The grass itself seemed to be heavy with heat. There was almost no sound to be heard and the silence was thick in your ears; a rotten pear falling from the pear tree struck the ground with a muffled thud.

DAN came toward the house in long strides. There wouldn't be any lunch today, not before the weather broke at any rate. He'd take something out to the men. It wasn't his job as a rule to run errands of this kind, but one of the machines had broken down. He wanted to be sure to get the right tools. He was in sight of the kitchen door when Wanda rushed out of it as fast as she could with her limp. She was making straight for the gate.

Dan's thoughts ran in two different trends. One was so to speak the right, the acknowledged one, belonging to the farmer, the heir apparent, tomorrow's master of the farm. The other ran with a sharp twist right down into the depth of his innermost feelings. At the same time he realized that this thing couldn't go on, that Wanda had to be dismissed. The idea cut him to the bone. It had been like this once before, when they had to kill his pony. He'd been a kid then—he had taken it well enough at the time—he would take it now of course. But it made him mad. He stepped into her way and stopped her so fiercely she almost fell. She didn't cry out under his grasp, though he himself realized that he must have hurt her.

"You have to stop this, you little fool," he said grimly, looking down into her small white face and her eyes that were as pale with fright as bleached forget-me-nots.

"He's gone," she said, scarcely audible.

Oh damn, of whom was she thinking now, who was gone? Her own whole world, he supposed, he'd never be able to call her back from there; how could he? Why, she didn't even notice him. "I bet she doesn't even realize I am a man," he thought bitterly.

"He's gone," she repeated, and he murmured, "I'm sorry—I'm sorry."

She shook her head like a child not able to make itself understood. "Look here," she said and handed him a scrap of paper. "I found it only now when I was setting the table. He must have been gone all morning. I didn't see him anywhere. I figured he'd gone to play in the barn."

Dan took the piece of paper with the feeling of a man who comes out of a



Wanda's weeping made him imagine someone lost, someone very tired

nebulous nowhere to find his feet on firm ground. That was no ghost out of the past. That was Simon's childish hand. "Deer Wanda," it read. "I'm looking for the locket in the woods. So don't worry, Simon. P.S.: Don't run away any more, please. Ma would be mad."

"It's all my fault," said Wanda. "It's in the Bible—"

As she spoke the heavy silent noon was suddenly torn to pieces by a gust of wind. Shutters banged, dry grass rose in a streaming cloud from the fields. Dust stung Dan's bare arms and his eyes.

"I'll take the horse out!" he shouted, "see if you can get me some oilskins!"

The leaden sky might burst any time now. Too late to do anything about this machine anyhow, he guessed. Better get the kid out of the woods, delicate as he was—there were some nasty ridges there outside too . . .

When he'd reached the stable silence reigned again; there was even some sort of sunlight, glaring sickly white. But it could fool nobody, it only doubled the oppression.

His hands were sticky with sweat while he saddled the horse. The beast was

restless, stepping up and down, its ears twitching against the flies. Those nasty, fat, little fellows, they certainly were enjoying it. He waved them impatiently from his brow. But Wanda standing beside him, the bundle of oilskins on her arm, seemed not to be bothered by them. As if they'd found her too cool, too smooth. In the twilight of the stable her face gleamed like a piece of porcelain. It didn't seem possible a girl like this could work. But she could and hard. Would make a good housewife, Wanda would—too quiet, perhaps. But she was made of flesh and blood all the same, he could sense it right away. A smell as of fresh-cut grass. His head seemed to swim a little. He felt a crazy urge deep inside his body to let all else go hang to take this girl in his arms.

Of course he didn't yield. He'd never touch a girl that looked at him as through a piece of glass. He had his pride too, he guessed. Anyhow that was the way he figured it out. He'd have been surprised if someone had told him that it was not this kind of resentful pride alone, but another one of finer fiber, the one born out of delicacy and consideration, that made him what he was.

He fastened the strap under the horse's belly. "What's this thing in the Bible?" he asked abruptly, feeling that to carry on a conversation would ease the strain.

She blinked once, astonished that he'd remember. Perhaps she hadn't even realized she'd uttered those thoughts aloud. "It's the bit about leaving the dead bury their dead," she answered so low he scarcely heard her.

HE straightened and looked at her. Her face was very tired, an old face, he realized of a sudden, not old with age but with sorrow.

"It's true, you know," she said. "I could never understand it. But it is true. Nothing comes of it but bad things. Because I didn't understand, Simon has run away."

It wasn't very clear to him what had really happened, but he didn't ask. He'd get the story out of the boy in time.

"Don't worry," he said, "the kid's tougher than he looks. Nothing'll happen to him."

She laid a hand on his bare arm in her anxiety. "You'll find him please, you will!"

"Darn if I won't!" he said cheerfully. "You go and fasten the shutters and the doors and get the chickens inside and watch the fire in the stove! Storm might break any minute now. And if the folks come in, don't tell 'em what happened, for Pete's sake! Just say I went after a straying calf." He grinned. Though, by

Jove, it wasn't in his mind to grin now while the vagueness of her eyes broke and were filled with trustfulness and gratitude.

"You're kind," she said, simply.

"I don't know about being kind," he answered, mounting the horse, "but I know I'm in love with you."

For a long while Wanda stood quite still, a light flush on her face, her eyes drowned in amazement. Then the silence was broken again by the wind and she hurried to do her chores, fluttering around the farm buildings as a fairy might have done. When all was finished, she sat down at the kitchen table, doors and windows fastened, the fire kept low. She sat there and looked at her hands.

"Holy mother of God," she said, in her own tongue. After that she buried her head in her arms and began to cry. Outside hell broke loose.

The boys were back an hour later. The hail and the lightning were over by then but it was raining hard and fast

• A diehard is a man who worships the very ground his head's in.
—*Ladies' Home Journal*

and didn't look as if it would stop soon. Simon inside the oilskins was a damp bundle. He was drenched to the bone.

Dan had had no trouble finding him. The boy had seen him coming and had called out to him and waved his thin arms like flag-sticks. He had been crouching under some shrubs on the outskirts of the forest. His crutch was gone and the skin was peeled off his shins and elbows. It seemed the kid had fallen into one of those ravines and not been able to get home alone with this storm racing in from the horizon. That was about all that Dan could gather, while they waited, huddled together, for the worst to be over. No use of speaking anyhow with all this racket going on around them. But Dan didn't like the look on his small brother's face. Kind of licked the child looked, not too relieved that he'd been found either. Dan wondered if the boy hadn't hurt himself more seriously than he admitted. Well, he'd packed him into those oilskins and got him home as soon as the tempest subsided.

There was nobody in the house but Wanda. "They couldn't make it, I suppose," she explained, her voice tranquil and firm, "so they sought shelter in one of those barns outside there. Leave the boy to me now, I'll put him to bed. I heated some towels on the stove to rub down the horse. Dry clothes for you are on the kitchen chair and coffee on the table. You'd better take it with some

rum." She certainly didn't sound as if she were a hired girl you were about ready to dismiss.

Dan stared. She answered his stare with a serene look. Then she picked the boy up and carried him upstairs as if he'd been a kitten and not a long-legged youngster almost her own height. And he'd be darned, thought Dan, if there hadn't been a twinkle of amusement in her gaze just before she turned away.

HE went and took care of the horse. When he came back she was still upstairs. He heard the murmur of their voices. He poured himself some coffee and gulped it down. He filled the cup again, adding a liberal measure of rum. Wouldn't hurt the kid for once to get something stiff inside of him. He carried the cup upstairs, stepping carefully.

"I fell clean off that boulder," he heard the boy saying, in the high treble of an overwrought child, "never noticed it with all that undergrowth—right down into the creek. It must have opened then, you know. It had been o.k. when I found it, but when I fished it out of the water, what had been inside was gone. I sure was mad, I looked and looked for it, but . . ."

"Never mind, my dear," said Wanda's voice consolingly. "Never mind. I've still got the locket itself, haven't I? About what was inside," she faltered, then went on soberly, "I have Stas' likeness within my mind forever. With all good things gone and room for all the good things to come."

But the boy, not yet appeased, strove to tell some more. "I had a peep at him, you know," he said shyly. "I-I kind of liked him. I'm sorry he died."

Dan held his breath and grasped the cup so hard he burned his fingers. "Blast the kid," he thought, "there's no telling what a young devil might say."

Then Wanda's voice came floating through the crack in the door, clear and beautiful and soft. A mother's voice setting a child to rest.

"He was a good man," she said, "he was a brave man too. He's at peace. Now you lay back, please, while I get you something good and hot."

She looked up as Dan stepped into the small room. Her eyes shone a little as they met his at a level gaze. She took the cup from him and gave it to the boy as he sat propped up in bed in a pair of clean pajamas.

"He is all right," she said to Dan. "I put some liniment on his shins, and he is all right. He won't run away any more. Nobody'll run away any more."

She stood there, smiling at them, and Dan as well as Simon realized that they'd never once seen her smile before.

The Sign's
People
of the month



Photo by Dan Coleman

**Sewing
Machine
Missionary**

is a quiet-type lay apostle who lives on a peaceful farm in Burkeville, Alabama, fifteen miles from the city of Montgomery. For thirty-four years, she has been carrying on an apostolate to needy priests all over the world, supplying them with thousands of Mass vestments and liturgical articles they were not able to purchase for themselves. Now sixty-five, Mildred continues her apostolate, taking old vestments she receives from sources she has built up over the years and making them new again with the loving work of her gifted fingers. Vestments no longer fit for use at the Holy Sacrifice are patched, reworked, sometimes even completely redesigned. Again worthy to be used, they are sent to poor mission churches throughout the United States and to such foreign countries as Ceylon, British Honduras, Canada, Iceland, and war-devastated areas of Europe and Asia. The only reward she seeks for her work is a remembrance in the prayers and Masses of the priests she has helped. She receives no financial gain; in fact, she continues her apostolate at considerable personal sacrifice. The only Catholic in Burkeville, Mildred is driven by her brother every Sunday the fifteen miles to Mass in Montgomery. During the week, she also helps him run the large farm on which they live. Like Saint Therese, Mildred has given new meaning to her life through an apostolate of the "little way." Someday her reward will be great.

JAMES NORRIS, European director for Catholic Relief Services — NCWC, is the Church's own version of a "shirtsleeves diplomat" to the poor and homeless of Europe. From his Catholic Relief Services post in Geneva, Switzerland, he has supervised the distribution of over 150 million dollars of relief and organized a program of migration for more than 150,000 refugees and displaced persons, helping them to resettle in Canada, Australia, the United States, and South America.

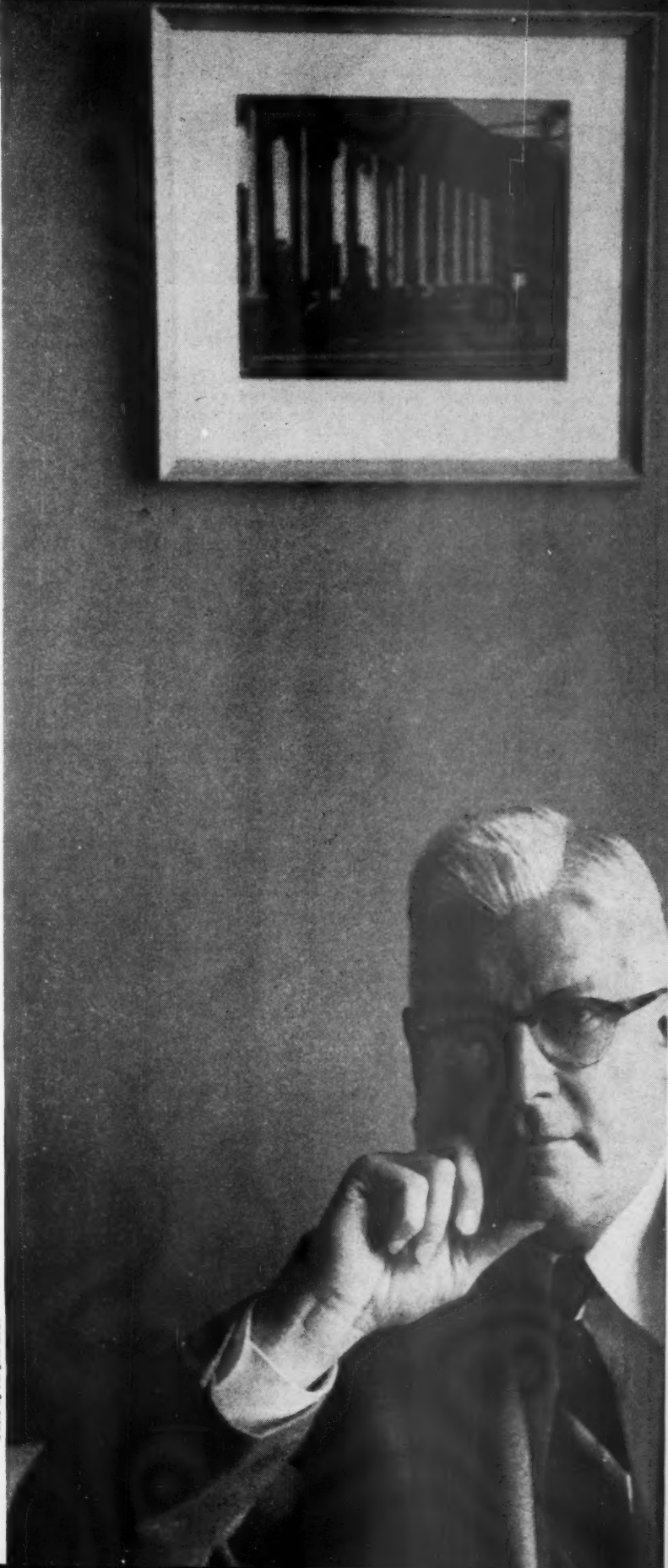
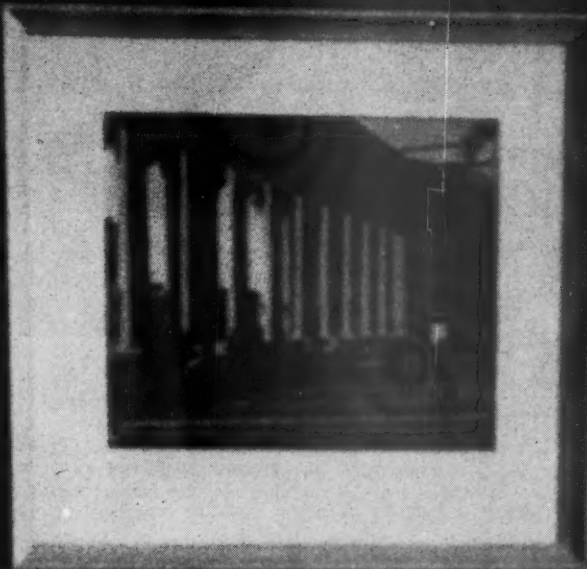
A consultant to the Holy See on refugee, population, and migration problems and chairman of the International Catholic Migration Commission, Mr. Norris is deeply concerned with expediting the flow of refugees from the miserable refugee camps of Europe to homes in other countries. He is critical of the operation of the Refugee Relief Act of 1953, charges it is crippled by "investigationitis." The Act allows 209,000 people to be admitted to the U. S. by June 30, 1956. At last count, only 40,000 had been admitted, 13,000 of them refugees. Says Norris: "Without relaxing the law, it is humanly impossible to fill the quota by the target date."

A native of Elizabeth, N. J., Norris was honored by the Holy Father in 1949 with a Knighthood of Saint Gregory. Troubled by the shortage of Catholic lay leaders in world relief work, Norris blames this shortage on the lack of opportunities for laymen in diocesan social welfare work and on the laity's own "general lack of international-mindedness."

He Works for Peace

December, 1955

Photo by Jacques Loue



THE SIGN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Always Mortal?

Is a sin against the Sixth or Ninth Commandment always mortal? I understood one priest to say "not necessarily so" and another to say that any such sin is always grave.—D. V., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

In an appraisal of evil conduct—whether it be a case of thought, word, action, or omission—three factors must be verified in order that our wrongdoing add up to a grave or mortal sin. What we do or fail to do must be grave in itself; there has to be sufficient reflection at the time of the sinful action or omission; and full consent of the will.

When the priest told you that any sin against the virtue of purity is always grave, he meant that any such thought or word or action is in itself a serious matter. Despite that fact, a wrongdoer might lack sufficient reflection or full consent to the temptation. One cannot

have a "devil-may-care" attitude of full consent, unless that attitude be preceded by sufficient reflection as to the wrongness of what one is about to do.

In this connection, sufficient reflection implies two things—we have to know that this or that conduct is wrong and, at the time of temptation, *advert* to its wrongness. For example, a person with a well-informed conscience *knows* what is wrong, but for any number of reasons he might fail to *realize* or *advert* to its wrongness at this or that moment. Such reasons might be forgetfulness, distraction, excitement, or the like. When you say, "It just dawned on me," you mean that you just now adverted to something you knew but had temporarily overlooked. A man is blameworthy for consenting with full freedom to a thought, word, action, or omission, the wrongness of which he *realizes*.

To acquire and to live up to a well-informed conscience should be the ambition of everyone. Actually to do so is difficult in a pagan atmosphere, and to an alarming extent today's U. S. A. is pagan. Even among Catholics, loose ideas are only too prevalent. For the sake of adults and teenagers, the Church Militant is engaged in a germ warfare: the germ is unbridled sexuality; the only antidote is purity of body, mind, and heart.

Black Death

What is the Black Death? Is there any religious significance to it?—M. T., BOSTON, MASS.

The Black Death is the name given to the bubonic plague which, in the middle of the fourteenth century, devastated western Europe. Within two years, fourteen million died. It had no religious significance on the score of origin—the disease invaded Europe by way of the traders from China and India. But the Black Death did have religious consequences, such as an acute shortage of priests and a widespread spirit of despair coupled with a reckless indifference to religious values.

Nepotism

What is meant by nepotism? Have heard it brought up in a snide way as a scandal in the Church.—F. F., MIAMI, FLA.

By nepotism we understand patronage—favours of one kind or another—bestowed by reason of family relationship rather than on the basis of merit. A tendency to nepotism is as old as the human family. Unfortunately, in the history of the Church, there are some cases of nepotism on record; fortunately, such cases have been few and far between.

In the middle of the sixteenth century, the Church was ruled by Pope Paul IV, one of the most spiritual and vigorous successors of St. Peter. His reign was short, but within four years he accomplished monumental and enduring reforms. The better to give his undivided attention and energy to the welfare of the Church, he turned over to his nephew the government of the Papal States and all other political matters. Unfortunately, he was so preoccupied with a reform along spiritual lines that he did not recognize his nephew for the scoundrel he was. It was the nephew's ambition to carve from the Papal States a miniature kingdom for himself and his family. Shortly before his death, Paul IV discovered the plot and put an end to the scandal with a ruthless impartiality.

Abbreviations

Please explain the initials A. D. and B. C., which I've seen added on to a calendar year.—R. D., ATHOL, MASS.

The initials B. C. are an abbreviation of a reference to any year prior to the time of Christ—for example, Confucius of China is recorded as having lived from 551 until 478 B. C. ("Before Christ"). This reply is being written in 1955, A. D. (*Anno Domini*, the Latin for "In the Year of Our Lord").

Catholic Action

Catholic Action—have often heard of it, but what is it all about?—P. Q., SALEM, MASS.

By His Holiness, Pius XI, Catholic Action has been characterized as "the participation by the Catholic laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy." No matter what particular field of activity may be under consideration, Catholic Action is intended to further one over-all objective—the salvation of souls. Consistently, those who interest themselves in any form of Catholic Action should strive to be normal, ideal Catholics. As explained by Cardinal Pizzardo, Catholic Action "trains consciences to be more sensitive and more courageous in meeting and solving the problems of life in a Christian way and embraces in its program every form of apostolate. . . ."

Space does not permit a thorough sketch of Catholic Action as organized in this country. Whatever information you need may be obtained by addressing your inquiry to the National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C. Among many units of the NCWC, there are departments devoted to education, to

the press, family life, immigration, and war relief. Special committees are assigned to Christian Doctrine, Polish Relief, the Spanish-speaking people of the U. S. A., Motion Pictures, Decent Literature, and so on.

Of special interest to you as the father of a large family is the NCWC Youth Department, directive of Catholic Boy Scouts, college students, Newman Clubs, camping, the Young Christian Workers, and the like. We suggest that you write to the NCWC for a list of their recommended literature; from that list, you can order according to your needs.

Infallible Ruler?

Does the Primacy of the Pope mean that he is infallible as a Ruler?—C. R., WOLLASTON, MASS.

No. To perpetuate the work begun by Christ for the Church Universal, the Vicar of Christ is divinely delegated to teach, to rule, and to sanctify. He is the Supreme Pontiff, the "Bishop of Bishops," in him there resides the primacy or supremacy of the Church's ruling power. But in the exercise of that ruling power, he is not infallible. Yet there is no contradiction between the statement just made and the following statement: It is a point of Divine-Catholic Faith that the Pope legitimately has this primacy of jurisdiction.



The Vicar of Christ is graced with infallibility in connection with the teaching power only. That means that, in clarifying for us what God has already revealed, he cannot err and mislead us. The teaching power is one thing, the ruling power another. If we fail to

comply with a Papal order, we are disobedient, we sin against the virtue of obedience. If we deny his competence to issue such an order, we are heretical, we sin against the virtue of faith, because his supreme ruling power is revealed by God. For example, to prove that a medical man or surgeon has blundered, even seriously, is not to allege that he is not a certified physician.

Book Review Service

I like to read at least one good Catholic book a month. Please publish a list of all very good Catholic books.—G. C., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Space available in this column does not permit the publication of such a list; month by month, the list grows lengthier. Your best source of guidance is the book reviews published in Catholic magazines and diocesan newspapers. That service will furnish you with a list, plus an appraisal as to what is most worthwhile and what will appeal to you personally.

Endless Problems

How can I combat the bigotry I meet with in the service, such as the claim that if a Catholic ever became President, he would take his orders from Rome? Also—why should the government help parochial schools, when there is separation of Church and State?—E. R. W., SAVANNAH, GA.

It is interesting to hear from an American Indian and gratifying to receive a letter so well thought out. When discussing the above problems with those who do not understand the Church's viewpoint, you might marshal your arguments along the following lines. However, do not be discouraged if you are unsuccessful immediately, or not at all. It is usually difficult to dissolve prejudice.

Apropos of your first problem, every thoughtful person ad-

mits that any man, woman, or child who measures up to what a human being should be is religious-minded and religious-hearted. It is the last word in stupidity to try to play neutral toward God, to behave as though God did not exist, as though we creatures are not answerable to Him. For that reason, the vast majority of us subscribe to the watchword: *Pro Deo et Patria*—For God and Country!—Devotion to one's country is an offshoot of devotion to God. The more solid a man's religious spirit, the more dependable his patriotism, for he considers himself answerable to the Almighty for all eternity for his devotion to country. For Roman Catholics, the Pope is the Vicar of Christ Who is God. Just as—outside the radius of Soviet influence—there is no conflict between a man's loyalty to God and country, so too, a Roman Catholic can be loyal to both Pope and President. Since facts are more eloquent than theory, especially in hurdling the barriers of prejudice, you would do well to quote facts and figures. Invest in a copy of the *National Catholic Almanac*, published by the St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson 3, N. J. Therein you will find a record of the many "Papists" who have served their country well, in the Supreme Court, as Cabinet members, in the national Senate and Congress, and as Governors. Especially within military circles, the record of American Catholics is impressive—from enlisted personnel to top-ranking officers, from the American Revolution to the present day.

Now for the second of two endless problems. Ask your chaplain to obtain for you a copy of the masterful document issued by Pope Leo XIII on the relations between Church and State, entitled *The Christian Constitution of States*. Separation of Church and State bespeaks a separation of respective duties and rights, but neither a mutual hostility nor suspicious neutrality. In a set of railroad tracks, the right track is not the left; one track will not suffice; to serve the purpose, both must run side by side in perfect parallel. Both medical man and surgeon have their proper specialties, but in caring for the same patient, they must co-operate. Mother and father must function as a team—if divorced, God help the children!

The education of youth is the right and duty of both State and Church. To provide education, the State has the right to levy taxes. But since education under nonreligious auspices is lopsided and a travesty, the State has no right to say to any child: Go to a religiously neutral school or do without the benefits for which your parents are paying taxes! Rather than expose their children to the religious deficiencies of the public school system, Catholics shoulder the double burden of State taxes and the maintenance of their own schools. So do many Protestant and Jewish groups throughout the U. S. But why stay on the defensive? Take the offensive! Why not contend that on the basis of Article I of the Constitutional Bill of Rights, all schools should be denominational—and financed by the tax money levied for education? In dealing with any American who, on the subject of education under religious auspices, is opposed or indifferent or neutral, we cannot behave like a Caspar Milquetoast. The Catholic Church is a Church Militant!

Noel

Why is the word Noel used so often during the Christmas season? Someone in our study club said that, even if Calvary had not been necessary, Christ might have dwelt in this world for a while, anyway. Is that true?—R. A., BALTIMORE, MD.

Noel is a French word signifying Christmas, and also the title of a French Christmas carol. As for your second question, it is safe to say that, regardless of Calvary, there

could have been an incarnation of God. Aside from the sheer fact that it would have been possible, there are reasons for such an incarnation which appeal to us as fitting and which might have appealed to Divine Wisdom.

Only in Heaven shall we realize fully the dignity of the human family as a result of our adoption by the Holy Trinity. Here and now, we realize it more or less dimly or clearly, in ratio to our faith. To people without faith, that unearthly wonder means nothing. But logically, once God had—so to speak—gone so far as to promote us from mere creatures to adopted children of the Divine Family and destine us for Heaven, it would not have been “beneath the divine dignity” for God to become Man also and to dwell among His own.

As things actually worked out, we are sure of only one divine purpose in bringing about the Incarnation of God. That purpose we acknowledge in the Nicene Creed, during the course of Holy Mass: “I believe in Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, born of the Father before all ages who, for us men and for our salvation, was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary and was made Man.” For that reason only, the God-Man was frail enough to suffer physically and psychologically. Otherwise, He would have enjoyed His rightful privilege from the first moment of His miraculous conception—the perfections of a glorified body.

In your letter, you referred several times to God’s motive for the Incarnation. It is well to distinguish between a motive and a purpose. A purpose represents what we want to do. A motive represents why we want to do it. For example, in giving alms to the poor, the purpose is the alleviation of want. The motive should be compassion for Christ’s needy, but it might be spoiled by a desire to “show off,” to make a good impression. In the case of the “Joyful Mystery” of Christmastide, the divine purpose is keynoted by “for us and for our salvation.” The divine motive is keynoted by the words of Christ Himself: “God so loved the world as to give His only-begotten Son.” (John 3:16)

Puppy Love

I am sixteen. I can't see why my boy friend and I can't have sexual pleasure. We are deeply in love. Just why is the Church against petting?—E. J., BROOKLYN, N. Y.



From your letter, it is clear that your conscience is very, very cloudy and that you are under the spell of “puppy love.” “Puppy love” is not really love at all—it is no better than the attraction of one little animal for another.

According to the dictionary, “petting” is an American slang term for the fondling or caressing of one of the opposite sex. Sexual pleasure is a natural result of petting. Were it not for that pleasure, there would be no temptation to pet. It does not follow that, because sexual pleasure is enjoyable or because it is a natural accompaniment of petting, such pleasure is legitimate.

You never will see the point as to why sexual pleasure can be wrong, unless you consider that kind of pleasure from the viewpoint of the Creator who implanted sexual appetites in human nature. The proper function of sex is the reproduction of offspring, according to civil contract and under the vows of matrimony. The partnership whereby man and woman become husband and wife, father and mother is so unearthly a responsibility that the Almighty has made that partnership a *divine* contract. But, since the purpose of the sexual function is parenthood, its use is confined to those who are entitled to be parents. The sexual pleasure which is an accompaniment of the sex function is an inducement

to the propagation of offspring and a recompense for the many trials of parenthood. Logically, this pleasure is restricted to those who are entitled to be parents. In other words, outside of legitimate matrimony, neither sex function nor pleasure is allowable.

No matter how disappointed you may be with this reply, no matter how impatient, you have no alternative but to curb your appetite for that kind of pleasure. Hence, you should not keep steady company with that boy—above all, you should not set the stage for petting by being alone with him in a setting where there is enough privacy for “puppy love.” You are, each to the other, an habitual occasion of serious sin.

To an extent, you are an animal. But you are a rational animal, endowed with a vocation as a child of God, endowed with the divine help known as God’s grace. So, your behavior should be both intelligent and religious, and not typical of a mere barnyard animal. Try to get and keep your bearings. Write to **THE SIGN** for copies of *Modern Youth and Chastity* and *Growing Up*.

Vocation

Is it wrong for a girl to enter the convent because she has had an unhappy home life? She fears to marry lest she be plagued with family quarreling.—J. P., LAWRENCE, MASS.

It does not follow that convent life is the only alternative to an unhappy home life. The first alternative is a wisely planned and happy career as a wife and mother—far and away, if need be—from undesirable relatives. Another alternative is the career of a single person outside the convent—a vocation in itself. Of course, it is quite possible that unhappy home life would be a providential, psychological “springboard” for a career in the convent. Submit the problem to a confessor, but do not look for a decision until he has had time and opportunity to appraise character and temperament.

Halo

In pictures of the saints, why do we sometimes see a circle drawn around their heads?—E. MCC., SCRANTON, PA.

If a holy person be actually canonized by the Church, any image of the saint—whether a picture or statue—should feature the circular line or disk called the halo. This hallmark of heroic and officially recognized sanctity is reserved to the saints. The halo is symbolic of their virtue in this life and of their eternal glorification by God. Its use as a symbol of virtue or dignity is much older than Christianity, and in all probability was occasioned by the study, by Greek astronomers, of the luminous glow that edges the moon. Ancient poets applied the symbol to the pagan gods. In the course of time, Christian artists adapted the halo as a symbol of truth and holiness.

Altar Candles

Why are six candles placed on the main altar of the church?—V. R., LOUISVILLE, KY.

The number of candles to be placed on the main altar of a Catholic church is arbitrary, in the sense that Church authorities could have decided upon twelve, eight, or any other number. However, the number of candles actually lighted is in ratio to the solemnity of a service. For example, current regulations call for two candles at the Low Mass of a priest; at the Low Mass of a bishop, four; at a Mass that is sung, six; when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, at least twelve; during the Forty Hours Devotion, at least twenty.

STAGE AND SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER



Kay Kendall and Robert Taylor share a tender moment in "Quentin Durward"

Reviews in Brief

Sir Walter Scott and Robert Taylor join forces again in **QUENTIN DURWARD**, and the result is a rousing and imaginative medieval adventure. The Scott classic is a fortunate choice as movie material, for it contains enough drama to balance the moments of exciting action and knightly heroics. Photographed in France and England, the production makes the best possible use of the castle backgrounds for its scenes of derring-do. Dramatically, the story needs bolstering, for this is not Scott's most important or his most interesting plot. But it does fill the bill as a visually attractive, exciting tale of international conflict, medieval intrigue, and flowering knighthood. Taylor, Robert Morley, Kay Kendall, and a large cast make a most convincing troupe in this lively echo of the age of chivalry and combat. (M-G-M)

By this time the story, the music, and the visual excitements of the movie **OKLAHOMA** have been well publicized. The new Todd-AO process, which practically places the viewer in the center of the action, is proved, beyond doubt, as a forerunner of the new screen photography. It combines many of the best features of the competing photographic processes, with several new improvements. Storywise, the Rodgers-Hammerstein production is bright and gay, and the music has already become part of our American album. The cast, headed by Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, Gene Nelson, and Gloria Grahame, could not have been improved upon. However, the entire production would have benefited by eliminating bits of suggestiveness in the dialogue and one song. It is an unnecessary irritation and a regrettable moral lapse in a motion picture which might have been a complete success. (Magna)

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE is a lurid illustration of the theory that the sins of the children stem from the inadequacies of the parent. Whatever merit the basic story possesses is obscured in a bid for sensationalism through scenes of juvenile savagery that have been overdrawn in many respects. James Dean, whose late acting career was brief and brilliant, interprets a high school boy in a small California town, the victim of parental fumbling and the brutalities of adolescent gangdom. Side-plots involve other youngsters, whose self-centered parents are portrayed in exaggerated style in order to point up the premise that delinquency has this origin. Natalie Wood and Sal Mineo, effective as the confused adolescents, Jim Backus, Ann Doran, William Hopper, and Rochelle Hudson headline the cast. In making its case, this adult drama goes too far and too fast, rarely pausing long enough to make a convincing argument. It is considerably less than a flattering portrait of today's teenager. (Warner Bros.)

I DIED A THOUSAND TIMES is a remake of a 1941 melodrama, *High Sierra*, with Jack Palance and Shelly Winters in the roles created by Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino. It is the story of a murderer who hides out in the snowbound Sierras, as the police close in for the inevitable climax. There is a minimum of violence in a plot which would ordinarily offer a sturdy haven for an excess of it. Scenes of the mountain chase are exceptionally well staged and the acting is above average in this tight-lipped adult drama. (Warner Bros.)

Bright and brassy as the stage hit on which it is based, **GUYS AND DOLLS** is a rough and rowdy musical, concerned with the inhabitants of an area loosely known as "Broadway." These fringe folk range from night club chorines to

Salvation Army lassies, from bookies to the wide variety of eccentrics who make up the familiar Runyon canvas. An expensive production, enlisting the services of Frank Sinatra, Jean Simmons, Vivian Blaine, and Marlon Brando, this retains all the flash and the verve of the original. On the debit side, there remain the objectionable songs, dances, and dialogue which were characteristic of the footlight original. (M-G-M)

Those who recall the headlined Nesbit-Thaw-White fracas will be mildly interested in **THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING**, a diluted, musical version of the famous murder case. Other adults will find it a boring re-creation of an unpleasant episode, one in which all three principals are lacking in the characteristics and stature necessary to enlist audience sympathy. Miss Nesbit is a Floradora dancer who becomes enamoured of architect Sanford White, but marries millionaire Harry K. Thaw. When Thaw murders White in a crowded cabaret, the case provides a field-day for the press of 1906. Not so, however, for the audiences of 1956. Ray Milland, Farley Granger, and Joan Collins play the leads with competence, but no inspiration. (20th Century-Fox)

LUCY GALLANT is sentimental romance styled for the female audience but with sufficient drama to keep both sides of the aisle interested. Jane Wyman is starred as the heroine of Margaret Cousins' novel, a girl who comes to an oil-rich Texas town, established a fashionable dress shop, and in time mends what the soap-operas call "her broken heart." More enjoyable than its brief outline suggests, this has the benefit of understanding portrayals by Miss Wyman, Charlton Heston, Thelma Ritter, Claire Trevor, and William Demarest. (Paramount)

That master of suspense, Alfred Hitchcock, is attempting whimsical comedy in **THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY**, an experiment which comes off quite successfully. The result is all the more surprising for Hitchcock is dealing with a subject which might easily have fallen off the precipice. In less skillful hands, this tale of the ludicrous results of the discovery of a corpse in the Vermont woods might have been

ghoulish and macabre. Though the corpse is involved throughout, the mood is comedy as the townsfolk attempt to find out all about "Harry." While the subject itself is kept within the bounds of good taste, Hitchcock is guilty of a serious lapse in permitting suggestive dialogue and wrong implications to mar the production. John Forsythe, Edmund Gwenn, Shirley MacLaine, and Mildred Natwick share the acting honors, and the Vistavision camera is especially helpful in capturing the lush beauty of the Vermont woodlands. (Paramount)

I'll Cry Tomorrow

Lillian Roth's anguished autobiography, **I'LL CRY TOMORROW**, has been brought to the screen shorn of the spiritual quality which lifted it above the sordidness and despair of its early chapters. In adapting the story, the producers have seen fit to eliminate any and all reference to the religious conversion which played so vital a role in the regeneration of the woman who fell from luxury and fame to the degradations of Skid Row.

As it stands, the screenplay is powerful and compelling, but incomplete. In the adaptive process, two of Miss Roth's husbands have fallen by the wayside, one of them a New York Judge—Ben Shalleck. Otherwise, this is a faithful adaptation of a woman's desperate struggle to overcome her need for alcohol, the only substitute she had been able to find for the inner conflicts and inadequacies which plagued her.

Susan Hayward plays the principal role with tremendous impact and gives it shadings and understanding which would automatically seem to guarantee an Academy Award. In addition, she displays an unusually fine singing voice in the musical interludes. The other cast members, Eddie Albert, Jo Van Fleet, Don Taylor, Richard Conte, and Margo, are believable, and the production values are high.

The flaws stem from a serious omission of actual fact. Romance and AA were not the final remedies for Miss Roth's alcoholism. Her own words bear this out. To make it appear that way is inexcusably careless or deliberately deceitful. In

★ Jane Wyman, with Claire Trevor in "Lucy Gallant," in which Miss Wyman plays the title role



★ Jerry Mathers comes upon unexpected company in film thriller, "The Trouble With Harry"



★ Joseph Schildkraut and other cast members in the stage version of "The Diary of Anne Frank"

any event, the motion picture version of Miss Roth's book will be a major disappointment to Catholic audiences. (M-G-M)

The New Plays

The Army's impact on the hapless draftee has been thoroughly and humorously scrutinized many times. In **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS** the tables are turned, and a Georgia ploughboy's adventures as a GI leave the Air Force white-faced, shaking, and way off course. In the process the audience is treated to a ludicrous lampoon of service foibles which is lively, amusing, and, except for a few unnecessary expletives, generally clean. Its greatest asset is a friendly young man named Andy Griffith, whose willingness and honesty is the bane of the Air Force, and whose engaging manner and droll delivery keeps the audience delighted. Without descending to caricature, the production rolls merrily along making the most of its one basic joke about an innocent abroad in the baffling arena of peacetime military service. Aiding Griffith with first-class performances are Roddy MacDowall, Myron McCormick, Royal Beal, Ed Peck, and Howard Freeman. This is a comedy gem for the adult audience.

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK is a poignant, emotional plea for sanity and peace in a world where war and terror strike too often. It is based on the diary of a young Jewish girl, living underground in Amsterdam during the Nazi occupation. The attic apartment she shares with her family and some friends might be merely a refuge, a miserable area of fear and hatred, but instead it emerges as a temporary haven where life goes on, where pettiness and meanness appear from time to time, but where generosity and love flourish as well. All this is told through the diary of the youngster who lived two important adolescent years in an atmosphere of tension. Anne Frank died a year later in a concentration camp, but the diary she left and the message of faith and love it reveals could not be stifled. Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett have dramatized it with understanding and compassion, qualities which are much in evidence in Susan Strasberg's portrait onstage. She also adds a refreshing and believable vein of comedy, which helps greatly in carrying play and audience through the ordeal. *The Diary of Anne Frank* is an unusually fine play.

Hollywood and its assorted characters are subjects for satire once again in **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?**, a slapstick affair written by George Axelrod who wrote *The Seven-Year Itch*. Mr. Axelrod is far from being a good play-

wright, but he does have the knack of taking a situation, building a series of comic episodes around it, adding crisp, bright dialogue—and making the audience feel they have seen a good play. Unfortunately, his tendency is toward highly suggestive humor which, in this case, occasionally verges on the obscene. It is lacking in the sharpness of successful satire, and even Axelrod's use of the *Faust* legend doesn't quite come off. Most of the acting is as awkward as the script.

Arthur Miller's latest product, **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**, consists of two short plays, the first a character study of warehouse workers, the second a bitter, tragic, and often revolting story of incestuous love. Now Mr. Miller is a writer who knows his craft, and even though many of us will disagree quite vehemently with what he has to say, his talent for the theater is not to be denied. In these two short plays he penetrates to the core of his situations in powerful dramatic strokes and hard, realistic dialogue. However, he cheapens the entire production with his drive for sensational effect through profanity and a climax designed to shock the audience. There is sufficient basic power in the play without resorting to the devices which Miller uses here.

Peace is again a subject for theatrical discussion in **TIGER AT THE GATES**, a thoughtful and provocative play about the Trojan War, translated by Christopher Fry from the original French by Jean Giraudaux. Such a combination of artistic effort could not fail to produce a drama of considerable depth and lyric beauty. The original title of the play was *The Trojan War Shall Not Take Place*, and in sharp, witty, and thoughtful lines Giraudaux scans the scene as the men of Troy discuss, debate, and argue the problems of war and peace. The playwright is not a hopeful man, insofar as world peace is concerned, but he is a dramatist of unusual style, perception, and skill. Regrettably, portions of the dialogue rely heavily on the sensual, precluding an unreserved recommendation.

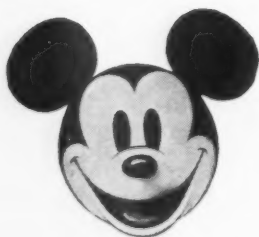
An F. Scott Fitzgerald heroine is the principal figure of **YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL**, a play by Sally Benson concerned with a frivolous, vain young lady in the Chicago of World War I. Part comedy—part tragedy, the result is a tepid mixture that never quite impresses. The heroine is a young lady with a fickle temperament, weak character, and rather wearisome personality. Added to Fitzgerald's compulsive drive toward the tragic, it results in a shallow drama, enjoyable only for its brief nostalgic touches and a likeable performance by Lois Smith as the overwrought young lady. It all has a hollow ring.



Dr. Serge Levitsky, Ralph Rourke, Rev. George Bissonette, A.A., and Rev. Walter Jaskiewicz, S.J., confer on Fordham's new radio series on Communism



Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. Will their "Stage Show" affect Gleason's rating?



Cartoon king of the movies, "Mickey Mouse" now tops TV's kiddie shows

Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER

THE news that Mrs. Catherine Kreitzer, the Bible-quoting grandma of *The \$64,000 Question*, will star in her own TV series of readings from the Bible has been interpreted by some as an attempt to capitalize on sudden fame. But the real reason for the Kreitzer series, which will also be on radio, is the tremendous demand for religious programs of all kinds. The demand is so great, in fact, that even partial fulfillment should gain religion a place among TV's first three or four program categories in the next couple of years.

It all began with Bishop Fulton Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living* series on the now-defunct Dumont network, which demonstrated beyond question that religion on TV could attract and hold large audiences.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale proved it next, although not on the same large scale. Then came Father James Keller's *Christopher* series and Father Patrick Peyton's fine *Family Hour* and *The Greatest Story Ever Told* series were converted to TV with great success.

Many Other Shows

In the meantime, churchmen began looking on TV as "the greatest pulpit in history" and set aside millions to make good use of it. Independent stations, networks, and package producers, at last aware of religion's potential when given the right presentation, got to work, too. The combined result is more than seventy-five major programs, most of which are ready to go on the air.

Some have already premiered.

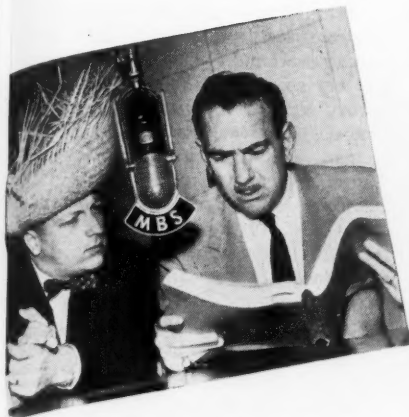
One of the latter is *Crossroads*, ABC-TV, Fridays from 8:30 to 9 p.m. A filmed program, it dramatizes incidents in the lives of clergymen of all faiths and is under the technical direction of a priest, a rabbi, and a minister. It's a fine series and you'll be hearing much more about it.

Soon to premiere is Gabriel Heatter's fifteen-minute weekly series, a "dramatic-documentary with religious overtones," on which the veteran editor and commentator will act as host-narrator. This program, marking Heatter's debut in TV which has been delayed because of illness and a suitable format, is as yet untitled although filming is now going on in RKO's New York studios.

Radio, Too

Naturally, this demand for religious programs could be expected to spread to radio, and it did. A new program is *The Price*, which Fordham University's FM station, WFUV, recently inaugurated for syndication. Conducted by the Institute of Contemporary Russian Studies, the first thirteen programs will treat the question, "Should American Schools Teach Students About Communism?" Arrangements have been made by Father Walter Jaskiewicz, S. J., director of the Institute, for appearances by exiled leaders from Iron Curtain countries to relate how ignorance of Communism's aims and methods contributed to the enslavement of their people.

Many serious minds feel all this programming activity in a religious direction foreshadows the greatest religious revival in American history.



TALENTED ZANIES—There's no end to the whims of Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, featured in "Standby with Bob and Ray."



FOURTH ESTATERS—Peter Lawford and Marcia Henderson in the TV series, "Dear Phoebe," which concerns an advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist



NICE PEOPLES—Jackie Cooper in his first TV series, "The People's Choice," the "Peoples" being Mandy Peoples, played by Pat Breslin

Save Your Money!

A terrific color set price-slashing campaign is just around the corner!

So, if you've been considering buying a Tint TV receiver, hold out a little longer and save money.

RCA will probably spearhead the campaign, the idea being to forego current profits in order to get millions of sets into homes and public places. Interest in these is expected to stimulate further sales and really get the color ball rolling. Industry brass remember that the dodge worked in the early days of black-and-white TV and feel certain it'll work just as well the second time.

World TV Closer

World-wide TV gets closer all the time.

The announcement by BBC-TV officials of a planned coaxial cable between London and Moscow is the latest development, and a most important one. No definite date has been set for the start of construction on the cable, although work will probably begin in early spring.

Eleven countries are already connected by the fledgling European network and the London-to-Moscow cable will automatically supply facilities for several others.

The "Omnibus" Bust

Omnibus, the Ford Foundation Workshop series, on CBS-TV Sundays from 5 to 6:30 P.M., launched the current season by devoting its entire time to the Renaissance, which historians consider the birth of modern times.

The program dwelt largely with 1492, the year in which the Renaissance supposedly attained a peak in ideas, art, science, music, and inventions, and attempted to illustrate its impact on Western civilization, a thoroughly ambitious undertaking.

Production was excellent, as is customary on this series, and the subject certainly deserved the ninety-minute treatment. In an instance of this kind, however, subject plus adequate presentation aren't enough. Facts are of first importance, and if there is any diversion or misrepresentation, either deliberate or otherwise, the result can be extremely harmful.

On this particular *Omnibus*, facts were the responsibility of Robert Coughlan, senior writer for *Life* and a reputed authority on the Renaissance. In spite of his title and position, I don't hesitate to contest Mr. Coughlan's presentation of monasteries of the period as the uncaring and unappreciative repositories of many literary classics and numerous other books, a vital point.

It's certain there were some ignorant and unworthy religious at that time, as there always have been and always will be, but, in general, the monks were honest, intelligent, God-fearing men. They went to considerable trouble to collect and preserve books that might have been burned or destroyed and lost forever to future generations and they were thoroughly aware of their responsibility in this regard.

Their libraries were among the best in the world and, in many areas, the only ones.

Under the circumstances, it's ridiculous to state or imply that theirs was less than a true concern for art, or that accident or coincidence could figure importantly in a pattern so widespread and of such duration.

Even so, the impression created on the first *Omnibus* was that the monks were mere keepers of dusty cellars, the valuable contents of which they were ignorant of, or foppish parasites whose chief concern was the number of angels that could gather on the head of a pin!

The tremendous debt all of us owe the great medieval monasteries isn't discharged in this manner.

Whither Gleason?

Jackie Gleason's popularity on TV has been too hot not to cool down, as the saying goes, and his eventual decline was a foregone conclusion, as is that of anyone who reaches such heights of audience appeal. Now, it looks as though 1955-56 may be the year.

The big fellow's decision to replace his terrific "live" Saturday night variety hour with the filmed *Honeymooners* and *Stage Show*, with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, could be his first serious mistake since attaining TV stardom.

The *Honeymooners* is still a good show on film, but Gleason is a performer who must appear "live" for best results. Besides, he doesn't appear at all on the Dorsey brothers' half hour, which further weakens the 8 to 9 P.M. time on CBS-TV.

I'm pretty sure the only thing that can save the situation is a return to

the original "live" show and it may already be too late.

Depend on it, though, the anxious huddles will begin soon in Gleason's offices, if they haven't begun already. Jackie is too shrewd a showman not to see the handwriting on the wall and too smart not to want to read it—loud and clear.

Another Giveaway

"Something big" is in the works at ABC-TV, a quiz-entry to compete money-wise with CBS-TV's \$64,000 *Question* and NBC-TV's \$100,000 *Big Surprise*.

The program is untitled as yet, but Jan Murray seems to have the inside track for the job of host-emcee. Contestants who reach the "jackpot" level in this one will be given the choice of a large sum of money (the exact amount is still undetermined), or of forfeiting part of it to select one of several "blind" boxes in the studio. One of the boxes will contain \$100,000, while others will hold the deed to a new house, ownership papers to a Cadillac, and equally valuable prizes.

What next?

Brave Producer Wanted

Now that *Brave Eagle* is on TV to present the American Indian in the proper light and level mountains of misinformation on the subject, a similar series on the American Negro might be an appropriate follow-up.

More mountains need leveling on this subject, and there's an equal amount of drama and achievement on which to draw for script material. A series of this kind—and I don't mean *Amos 'n' Andy* type comedy—would require courage, of course, but it's not impossible. Barriers and taboos of all kinds are falling these days, thanks to TV, so why not one more?

Don McNeill's "Holidays"

Don McNeill and his brain-trusters have been flying between Chicago and New York to finalize a tele-series entitled *Holiday*, which will probably go to CBS. Each program will be based on a different national (or unusual local) holiday and will be presented as a "spectacular" on or as near as possible to the date of the holiday concerned.

McNeill's long-term contract with ABC allows him to deal with other webs and the fact that he's flirting with CBS might indicate dissatisfaction with his own network's earlier efforts to present his *Breakfast Club* on TV. The "Club" was first TV'd as a night-time feature about four years ago and was simply

awful, but through no fault of McNeill. The whole trouble lay with ABC production and presentation.

It was then presented as a morning simulcast last season and was considerably better, but sponsor and station-clearance problems plagued it and it never had a chance.

In Brief

Maurice Evans postponed *The Corn Is Green* because of his inability to replace the late James Dean. He'll do *Dream Girl*, with Vivian Blaine, in the Dec. 11th time on NBC-TV, instead, and has also decided to do a two-hour version of *Anthony and Cleopatra* on the same network March 18. . . . A series about America's most famous gamblers is being readied for TV. . . . Ginger Rogers is looking for a TV series. . . . So is Barbara Stanwyck. . . . Red Skelton will tour Australia in the near future. . . . Ethel Barrymore's life story will be repeated on NBC's *Biographies In Sound* March 20, by popular demand. . . . Gian Carlo Menotti, author of *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, has been commissioned by NBC to write another TV opera. He has complete freedom of choice of material. The deadline is August 31, 1957.

George Gobel and Mitzi Gaynor are so successful as a team in *The Birds and the Bees*, Paramount wants to team them for another picture immediately. . . . Jackie Gleason will direct the Baltimore Philharmonic in January and, meanwhile, he'll make several albums of readings from Charles Dickens' works, beginning with *The Tale of Two Cities*, which will require ten hours of playing time! . . . Eighty-year-old Minetta Ellen, who recently retired as "Mother Barbour" on NBC radio's *One Man's Family*, a role she played since the series' inception over twenty-three years ago, says she has plans to "keep my mind young!" Among other things, she'll enroll in a West Coast Junior College. . . . England's top comic, Benny Hill, will be in America soon for radio and TV appearances. . . . Just for the record: The incidental music on *The \$64,000 Question* is an original work titled *Concerto For Gold Sweat!* . . . The Treasury Dept. has recruited Lassie, TV's dog-star, to promote the sale of savings bonds and stamps to young Americans. . . . NBC-TV has acquired the rights to *Wonderful Town* and will present it on *Producers' Showcase* late in November. Rosalind Russell will star.

Tyrone Power is slated to do another "spectacular" in the spring. His first major TV appearance several months

ago was disappointing and he's anxious to redeem himself. . . . Groucho Marx turned down an offer to guest on an upcoming George Gobel show with the remark, "He's good enough without me!" . . . Gale Storm, who stormed both radio and TV with her *My Little Margie* program several seasons ago, has another in preparation. As yet untitled, it will star her as a hostess on an ocean-going luxury liner. . . . Judy Garland told CBS she'll be ready to do another "spectacular" in about five months. . . . Another giveaway entry, *Texas Tycoon*, will have an oil derrick right on stage! . . . CBS-TV has nearly 400 public affairs programs in the works, with nearly five hundred writers and researchers assigned to them. Their total budget is in the millions.

So you want to be an actor? Well, those in NBC-TV's new *Matinee* series will have to be on the set and in make-up by 5:30 each morning. That'll mean many will have to get up by 3:30, others no later than 4:30! . . . "Popeye" will be the new star of NBC-TV if a deal with Paramount Pictures and King Features, involving all cartoons made through 1950, is successful. The asking price is down to \$2,000,000. . . . A new *What's My Line?* parlor game is due on the market any day. . . . Horace Heidt may bring back *Pat O' Gold*, one of the ancestors of today's quizzers. . . . Hal March, of *The \$64,000 Question*, won't leave that one to star in his own half-hour series of sketches and interviews, which is now being written by Jim Fritzel, a former scripter on the *Mr. Peepers* program. . . . Shooting on the *Tugboat Annie* series began Nov. 1, with Rosetta Duncan, one of the famous Duncan Sisters, in the title role. . . . Desi Arnaz is trying to convince CBS-TV that an hour-long *I Love Lucy* show, once a month, would give him and his co-star, Lucille Ball, more scope for comedy. . . . *The Ave Maria Hour* is currently marking its twenty-first year on radio with a special series of forty-four half-hour dramatizations of *The Life of Christ*. The program is syndicated coast-to-coast. . . . Word is the "Davy Crockett" craze will soon be replaced by the "Robin Hood" craze. The usual flood of clothing and other products, including boots and bow and arrow sets, is now being licensed.

Eddie Cantor's memories will be published by Simon and Schuster in the spring. . . . Dick Powell finally decided to leave his partnership deal in *Four Star Playhouse* to launch his own series, *Willie Dante*, in which he'll play a restaurant gambling club owner. He introduced "Willie" on "Four Star" three years ago and the character was an instant hit.



What About the Happy Dead?

by **KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.**

THE television version of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* attempted to depict life beyond the grave. Those who had died sat stonily on low-draped pedestals and remarked on the blindness of the living. The happy dead were indeed happy in a vacant sort of way. But it was the happiness of those who had attained some remote and nebulous goal of life. In attaining that goal there was nothing left. No more living or loving. Nothing more to desire. Just existence and the absence of pain.

I do not think Wilder was attempting to depict heaven in a religious sense. However, I do think that he came remarkably close to the caricature of heaven which many people draw for themselves. It is unfortunate that so many of us are content with a picture of heaven in which man is saved only to be rewarded with existence, serious, solemn, and hollow. If this is our heaven then Christianity is only a serviceable lie. If this is the goal of our striving then certainly we, of all men, are the greatest of fools.

Heaven is essentially seeing God. We have a difficult time understanding how this vision of God can be our greatest happiness. Of course we want to see God! But to go on just looking at God for all eternity seems to be a little tiresome. We must answer that the vision of God is something we cannot understand now. We are like babes trying to grasp the meaning of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Now, during time, we cannot understand, we cannot even remotely appreciate the happiness which will be ours. On this side of the grave there is in us something of a radical incapacity to grasp the meaning of this huge happiness. Only when we grow up to eternity, when we have reached the maturity that lies beyond time, will we begin to know what it means to see God face to face.

There was once a holy man, Moses, who asked God to permit him to see His face. God told Moses, "No man can see God and live." In our present state we could not endure the vision of God.

Seeing God as He is would be too great a joy, and we would be crushed by its magnitude. But after death, when we have put on the strength of God, we will be able to bear the burden of God's joy.

When we speak of heaven, there are two dangers to be avoided. One is the tendency to make of heaven a material thing giving material pleasures. The other is the danger of overspiritualizing heaven to the point of excluding anything of a physical nature. Heaven is for both body and soul.

At the general resurrection our bodies will be reunited with their souls. The glorified soul will have full dominion over the body. The body will retain its nature as a material body, but it will take on qualities of a spiritualized body. For instance, the body will have the power of passing through other material objects. Our Lord exercised this power when, after His resurrection, He came into the upper room though all

• What you are is God's gift to you. What you become is your gift to God.—Pierce Harris

the doors and windows were closed and locked. Our bodies will shine with a heavenly light much the same as Our Lord's body shone during the Transfiguration. St. Peter saw Our Lord during the Transfiguration and he described the sight to his disciple, St. Mark: "His garments became bright, dazzling white like snow, white as no dyer of clothes here on earth could have made them." Also, all bodily defects will be removed. The body will be endowed with an inability to suffer or to die. In describing this happy state St. John says, "Death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more."

God formed the human body from the "slime of the earth." The body, in some manner, retains its relationship to the

earth. And just as the glorification of the soul demands the glorification of the body, so the glorification of the body demands the glorification of the earth and the universe. Although the earth as we now know it will be destroyed, there will be a new heaven and a new earth. Just what this transformation of the universe will consist of, we do not know. We know only what God has told us. He has not chosen to tell us very much on this particular point. We do know that St. Peter spoke of the transformation of the universe in his own Epistle and even expressed an ardent wish that it be accomplished: "We look for new heavens and a new earth according to His promises."

THERE will be other joys. We will know all the mysteries of faith and understand them. We will see the Redeemer in His sacred Humanity. We will see His sacred Wounds, those liberating signs of our salvation. We will see Mary and we will acclaim her, as we did so many times on earth, our Queen, our Mother. For all eternity she will do what she did ever since the birth of Christ; she will show us the fruit of her womb, Jesus. There will be the fellowship of the innumerable blessed. The vastness of this great sea of saints will be no obstacle for us. Here on earth we are limited as regards friendship. We cannot be on intimate terms with everyone on earth, nor even with all those who live in our country or town. But in heaven it will be otherwise. Friendship will not be vague or impersonal because extended to so many. Our friends and relatives will not fade into a general haze of beatitude. Rather, we will be bound to them by a more special bond of blessedness.

But all of these are poor words. When we have said all, we have said nothing. The poverty of language cannot express the richness that awaits us. We cannot know, nor even faintly imagine the glory to come. Here knowledge must stand at the door. Only love and desire can enter.



United Press Photos
Christian "Red" Cagle: one of the endless roll of West Point's great gridiron stars



"Doc" Blanchard, left, and Glenn Davis:
At the Point, they were a team within a team



Elmer Oliphant: At Sunday school, children learned all about God and Elmer Oliphant

ARMY v. NAVY

There are names that are a whispering at West Point
and Annapolis—a whispering that swells to thunder each
year as Army and Navy play a little game of football

by RED SMITH

CADET Dennis Michie must have been a pretty persuasive young man. He worked on his father, who was an influential member of the United States Military Academy academic board, and his father reluctantly spoke to Colonel John W. Wilson, the superintendent. Finally, unbelievably, permission was granted for an Army-Navy football game on The Plain of West Point Nov. 29, 1890.

Getting official sanction to accept the Annapolis challenge was one thing. Getting the Naval Cadets to the playing field above the Hudson was something else. By authorizing a charge of fifty-two cents each against their cadet store accounts, the 271 members of the corps at West Point raised \$140.92, approximately half of Navy's travel expense. That did it.

With the game about to start, Colonel Hamilton Hawkins assembled the Army team on the sideline. "I shall slug the first player," he announced, "who leaves the field in an upright position."

Then, as now, the infinitive, "to slug," had a special meaning at West Point. It means to condemn a cadet, for disciplinary reasons, to pass all his spare time marching back and forth across the barracks area with rifle on shoulder. It is not recorded that any Army football player "walked the area" in fulfillment of Colonel Hawkins' threat. After Navy got through smashing them, 24 to 0, not many could have carried a rifle.

That's how it started. Just about the time this issue of THE SIGN reaches its readers, Army and Navy will be meeting for the fifty-sixth time, before more than 100,000 witnesses paying half a million dollars for seats in the grimy old concrete saucer of Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium. Today, fifty-two cents doesn't buy a program at the Army-Navy game.

What sets this game apart from all the

other stirring matches contested annually on campus lawns and in metropolitan playpens across the country? There has seldom been an autumn when Army and Navy had the two best teams in the land, and frequently good players perform poorly under the emotional stress of this struggle. Some undergraduate rivalries are older, some festooned more abundantly with ivy, some wear thicker mummy-wraps of tradition.

Why does this one stand alone? Because it is a pageant of youth unequalled in color and uniformed splendor and joyous nonsense, and because both teams belong to the whole nation and, in a truer sense than any others, represent young America to all of us and all the world.

Even in the beginning, the game was regarded with a fond indulgence that is reflected in the headline a New York paper carried on Nov. 30, 1890. Tim Cohane reproduces it in his *Gridiron Grenadiers*, a history of West Point football:

"SAIOR LADDIES BEAT SOLDIER BOYS. A BRILLIANT ASSEMBLAGE OF ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS SEE A GREAT GAME OF FOOTBALL AT WEST POINT. SWEET GIRLS THERE, TOO. THE MILITARY CADETS WERE STRONG AND QUICK, BUT THE ANNAPOLIS TEAM UNDERSTOOD THE RULES"

SOMETHING of the same friendliness is noted in the account of the second game, when Army took revenge, 32 to 16, in Annapolis:

"The field was now in the last stages of wreck; stockings were torn off at the boot tops, five noses were bleeding, and two more Midshipmen *hors de combat*...."

"Perhaps the most striking figure in the whole field was that of the umpire, Mr. Thomas of Princeton, a delicately modeled little Antinous with such an exquisite face, such abundant long curl-

ing hair, such a natty suit, and such a wee stick that he looked like his own pretty sister masquerading. But he was a perfect umpire, and dashed into the whirling mass of legs and arms so freely and recklessly that he was lost to sight again and again, only to emerge, however, unruffled, serene and inflexible, with his cigarette still alight. . . .

"The West Pointers were in luck on still another score. They brought all their teeth off the field in their mouths, instead of their throats and pockets, for some genius of the game gave the contestants chewing gum before they entered the fray."

HANDSOME is as handsome does. Mr. Thomas had one style of beauty; Pot Graves, who entered as a plebe from North Carolina in 1901, had another. West Point's *Howitzer* described him as:

"A gentle, graceful, winsome lad who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note and who runs amazingly to neck. In football he stands high, plays low, slugs hard, and never gets caught. He made an annual habit of eating young Navies alive until they begged to have him muzzled."

At 2:30 one Saturday afternoon, Graves and a roommate, Tom Doe, had a fight. At six o'clock a first classman named Charlie Eby was passing their room en route to supper and heard the sounds of smashing furniture. He rushed in and pried them apart, both bleeding but by now thoroughly warmed up.

Down through the years the combat rolled, now with Navy on top, now with Army supreme. In 1902 Navy's Ralph Strassburger ran sixty yards for a touch-down, stiff-arming Paul Bunker on the way. They passed much of the afternoon thumping each other. Forty-odd years later they met in the Philippines.

Strassburger glowered. "Bunker," he said, "I hate you. Let's go have a drink."

Babe Brown and Jack Dalton, Bull Halsey, and the numerous Ingram clan of Jonas T., Homer L., Navy Bill, and Navy Bill II—their names are a whispering at Annapolis, a whispering that swells to thunder reach fall when the midshipmen daub warpaint on Tecumseh's statue and bid the old chief brew bad medicine for Army.

Charlie Daly and John McEwan and Biff Jones, Nig Prichard and Louis Merillat and Elmer Oliphant—these are more than names at West Point; they are words in a prayer. John McEwan and Cowboy Meacham taught Sunday School to the children of officers at the academy. One small girl reported to her father on that Sabbath's lesson:

"Daddy, I learned all about God and Elmer Q. Oliphant."

On the day of the Army game of 1916,

orders at the Naval Academy read:

6:00 A.M.—Rise

Stop Oliphant!

7:00 A.M.—Breakfast

Stop Oliphant!

The commands continued in that vein, but Oliphant acknowledged the authority of no admirals. On the opening kickoff, he ran eighty-two yards to the Navy seven-yard-line. The final score was Army 15, Navy 7.

Swede Larson played center for Navy in three Army games, and West Point never scored. Two decades later he coached Navy for three years, and in the last meeting Army managed to make six points in a losing cause. Not long after Swede's last game, the United States was at war and that big, wonderful major of Marines was dead.

The Swede was captain of the Navy team of 1921 when an Army substitute named John Pitzer was ordered into the game. Pitzer sprang from the bench, caught a foot in the handle of the water bucket, and raced onto the field too excited to notice the hardware. Swede Larson called time.

"Mr. Referee," he said, "I call your attention to the fact that the new Army end is using unauthorized equipment."

Ed Garbisch and Red Cagle, Monk Meyer and Lighthorse Harry Wilson, Glenn Davis, Doc Blanchard and Arnold Galiffa—the Army roll is endless.

Tom Hamilton and Barnacle Bill Busik, Bill Chewning and little Hal Hamberg, Bob Jenkins, Don Whitmire, and on down to George Welsh of the present day—each has written his paragraph in Navy's logbook.

THERE isn't any proper way to finish an essay about this game because it is a continuing story in which new chapters are written each year. A fellow could say, and be on safe ground, that there never has been a finer man associated with it than Captain Tom Hamilton, who served three years in the Navy backfield, did two hitches as Navy coach, took a turn as athletic director, and is today leading the University of Pittsburgh back to the football heights.

Tom Hamilton will tell you this game teaches a man humility. Then he'll prove it, by listening without protest while his wife, Emmy, tells a story. She was, Emmy says, buying a birthday gift for little Tommy—one of those backyard gymnasium sets with a scaffold supporting swings, flying rings, a trapeze, parallel bars, and all such stuff.

Emmy gazed dubiously at the assortment of hardware which would be delivered in cartons for assembly after arrival.

"Do you have to be smart to set this thing up?" she asked. "Or could my husband do it?"



Navy Bill Ingram: He bid the Old Chief Tecumseh brew bad medicine for West Point



Captain Tom Hamilton: There's one thing this game teaches a man, and that is humility



Don Whitmire: He wrote a pretty big paragraph for himself in the midshipmen's logbook



Beautiful, new Advent Cards add to the whole family's appreciation of Christmas

Each Hallmark Advent Card with its 24 "lift-ups" tells a Christmas story day by day for 24 days

THOUSANDS of families were introduced to Advent Cards last year when the makers of Hallmark Cards revived this charming old-world custom. And parents discovered that these fascinating cards were a wonderful help in teaching children the true meaning of Christmas.

Each Hallmark Advent Card has 24 lift-ups with a picture or verse under each one. You raise the first lift-up on December 1st—then one a day till you lift the last one on Christmas Eve.

And the children's excitement and anticipation grow with each day. At the same time, youngsters learn that Christmas means far more than just an occasion for getting gifts. Teachers will find these Hallmark Advent Cards are excellent aids in dramatizing story periods.

Now, as another Advent season draws near (November 27th—December 24th) you'll find a new collection of Advent Cards on display at the fine stores that feature Hallmark Cards. There are 9 different Hallmark Advent Cards in all.


**Hallmark
Cards**

When you care enough to send the very best



"The Shepherd Boy's Gift" will delight children. It tells of a little shepherd who brought a doll to the Infant in the manger (50c with envelope).



"The Story of the First Christmas" is a beautiful Advent Card and an especially suitable Christmas decoration for table or mantel (\$1.00).



"The Brightest Star" tells in lift-ups and verses the charming story of the little star who became the most glorious star ever known (\$1.00).

BOOKS

CROSS MY HEART

By Frank Scully.
Greenberg.

378 pages.
\$5.00

This is the exhilarating story of a man who has enjoyed life hugely despite heavy adversities. Frank Scully, first-rate journalist and author, never wrote a more fascinating book than this breezy account of his own adventures. Crippled with osteomyelitis at the age of seventeen, Scully spent the next twelve years in thirteen hospitals in seven countries and eventually had a leg amputated. At the age of twenty-five he also contracted tuberculosis and along the way had sundry other ailments and accidents. Nothing, however, seemed to daunt this pugnacious Gael whose "only constant things were pain and humor."



Frank Scully

His experiences in New York, Arizona, California, and Europe are intensely interesting and often hilarious. A bachelor until he was thirty-eight, he married a Norwegian girl half his age and was "blessed with the happiest marriage since the Feast of Cana." The happy "Scully Circus," as he fondly calls his family, now includes five children and two grandchildren. During his writing career Scully has known many celebrities and his pungent comments on men and events are stimulating. Although he says he was for most of his life "more rebellious than religious," Scully never lost sight of life's real values and his deeply rooted Catholic faith was a touchstone that never failed him.

The literary minded will be particularly interested in Scully's revelations concerning his part as a ghost writer for Frank Harris' book on George Bernard Shaw. He also gives some revealing glimpses of others, including Jimmy Walker. All in all, this buoyant book is an invigorating tonic.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

YEAR OF DECISIONS

Harry S. Truman.
Doubleday.

596 pages.
\$5.00

Anyone interested in a sharp picture of the difference between dictatorship and democracy is invited to compare this

first volume of former President Truman's memoirs and any of the recent books about Hitler. Quite likely, Truman made mistakes; but at no time did he harbor any mistaken illusions about the role of the individual in the democratic process. Viewing the devastation of war in Europe for the first time, his comment was that "this is the work of a man who overreached himself." Truman never did; during his seven-plus years in the White House, he never confused himself with the great office into which he had been so abruptly elevated by the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

We can count on the historians to place his book in its proper niche as source material. Its immediate interest to the average reader, one suspects, lies in its graphic portrayal of Truman himself. He is a man, obviously, who believes that politics is a business to be learned and practiced as such.

Probably the most arresting quality revealed is Truman's ability to step up to a heart-rending problem, make his decision—and continue to sleep at night. He is no soul-searcher. To make short work of a long and engaging self-portrait, Harry Truman is the possessor of few, if any, of the uncommon qualities we associate with Lincoln and Wilson; but he does display a superabundance of those common qualities that in the long run must be relied on to keep the democratic process grinding along.

MILTON LOMASK.

WINTER HARVEST

By Norah Lofts.
Doubleday.

347 pages.
\$3.95

The gruesome tale of the Donners of Donner Pass fame inspired this novel about what such an ordeal of starvation and despair might have been like. A journey that begins hopefully for several pioneering families



Norah Lofts

concludes a year later after unbelievable suffering in the death of more than half the party.

When a group of Conestoga wagons coincidentally meet at Fort Mason in the spring of 1846, the members are fired by the enthusiasm of Kevin Fumage

who possesses the map for a once-tried shorter route through the mountains to California. Among those setting out are Mahitabel Smith, a God-fearing woman of intelligence and ability who seeks with her family a more fertile soil for farming; Nancy Jurer, the selfish, self-indulged Madame who plans to establish herself and two promising girls where her past failures will be unknown; Cordy Warren, unhappily married but determined after losing his newspaper through the scandal of an extra-marital affair to make a new start; and Dave Glenny, whose malicious egotism only serves to make the trials of the company more intense. As for the actual trip, it brought them ever-increasing problems of storm, mud, illness, Indian attack, and cold, until finally, snow-bound for the winter in sight of the Pass, they are reduced to starvation and cannibalism. Mahitabel, Kevin, and Cordy became the support of the weak, while Glenny and Madame Jurer stooped to inhuman cruelties under pressure. *Winter Harvest* is a memorable picture of heroism and depravity in the face of dire hardship.

PAULA BOWES.

HILAIRE BELLOC

By J. B. Morton.
Sheed & Ward.

185 pages.
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Tender and admiring reminiscences of hours and days in intimate association with Hilaire Belloc as a close family friend. Mr. Morton first met the great writer in 1922 when he was at the plenitude of his literary power. He writes delightfully of robust days and nights enriched by the lusty Bellocian delight in good wine and rousing choruses gaily trumpeted. He was sympathetically close in heart with the poet's shocked sorrow over the death of his son Peter, who died in World War II as a Royal Marine; for it was as Peter's dear friend that Mr. Morton had been welcomed into the intimacy of the Belloc household at Kingsland. He was as equally close to the household in the years of decline, although not for years if at all did Belloc speak of his nagging worry when he discovered as early as 1932 that his memory had begun to fail.

Mr. Morton's memoir underlines the understanding truth in Monsignor Ronald Knox's eulogy in Westminster

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Cathedral when he said that the undercurrents of Belloc's mind were sad, that in his withdrawn private life he was by no means the tumultuously happy man of literary legend. In much the same way, the memoir tells us that it was his verse rather than his prose that the writer wistfully hoped might prove lasting.

Above all, Mr. Morton reminds us trenchantly that the deepest foundations of Mr. Belloc's character and strength of purpose were his profound Catholic convictions, although he was of all men abhorrent of pietistic display. It was the complete wholeness of his convictions of the finite and infinite truth of the Catholic Faith that made him, a man whose natural temper was skeptical, the greatest Catholic polemist of yesterday and today. Mr. Morton's book enables us to see the man plain in all his many-faceted glory and in his endearing idiosyncrasies. He spares us the fulsome literary tribute that is all "light and sweetness and Mrs. Humphry Ward."

DORAN HURLEY.

THE STORY OF MEDICINE

By Kenneth Walker. 343 pages.
Oxford University. \$6.00

This is an easily readable book which introduces the reader to the majority of the great men in the history of medicine. True to his own promise Dr. Walker has presented these men "against the background of their own times." Such a setting together with the inclusion of humorous anecdotes has made the general tenor of the text a very agreeable one.

The book has a two-fold approach. First, it takes the chronological development of medicine in general. Secondly, it devotes some chapters to the individual specialties and the men who have made the major contributions to them. As in every work of its kind there is some arbitrary choice by the author as to the relative importance and discussion he allots to various men. Generally, one cannot quarrel with his decisions in this regard, but it is unfortunate that he leaves a man such as William Osler practically unmentioned.

To men of the profession the greatest revelation this book contains will be to know that many of the new discoveries of medicine have been so closely approximated by men living centuries ago. For example, Pasteur "was far from being the first person to advance a germ-theory of disease." (p. 178).

The greatest defect this book has is that it carries an undercurrent of bitterness which makes it appear at times almost as a polemic against the Catholic Church. The author's repetitious theme that the Church has always been the enemy of science and most especially of

medicine makes his book considerably less objective. It is also a shortcoming that he chooses to philosophize considerably about a possible monistic explanation of the world and man.

ROBERT P. ODENWALD, M.D.

TOWARDS EVENING

By Mary Hope. 178 pages.
Sheed & Ward. \$3.00

Here is a really needed book and a fine example of Catholic idealism. The present brings us many scientific or sociological studies of geriatrics—written generally by theoretical young workers concerned chiefly with health, comfortable housing, possible part-time employment, and agreeable hobbies for older people. Now, in the varied and informal entries of a journal, we have the very human approach of a high-souled and high-minded Catholic woman to the problems of age—which she knows at first hand from lives touching hers and feels drawing close to her own life. The problems are many and she faces them with realistic courage. She remembers the sick and the well and the tired—the woman still lucky enough to feel needed by members of her family and the lonely ones who meet few smiles except those of the patient Sisters with whom they have found shelter. Rich herself in memories of travel and broad reading, in warm response to friends and childhood and natural beauty, Miss Hope remembers also the special faults of the old and their special sorrows, which both they and their younger companions must meet with a kind of special heroism. She has found what may become precious assets of peace—an intimate familiarity with the New Testament, the saints, and the liturgy of the Church, the comfort of evening Eucharist when morning is too difficult, and the knowledge that for those no longer able to right the world's wrongs by act, prayer becomes increasingly a duty and a delight. The "evening" of life which she pictures has the beauty—both active and passive—of a clear sunset.

KATHERINE BREGY.

LIFE WITH MY MARY

By Joseph A. Breig. 202 pages.
Bruce. \$3.00

As almost all Catholic readers know, Joe Breig is one of our most prolific writers. A newspaperman of many years, his columns, occasional pieces, and books are virtually countless.

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sentiment in it. Since Mr. Breig's outlook is essentially a happy one, it may surprise some readers to learn that this author has had more than his share of hardships. He was forced to leave Notre Dame and enter a depression world; his first child, a son, died at birth; another child, a girl, also died; his wife, Mary, was ill for many years with a thyroid condition. He knew poverty and disappointment.

Yet he never despaired; perhaps he was too busy helping others. In Pittsburgh, his interest in a Catholic welfare movement similar to Dorothy Day's House of Hospitality led him to open the doors of his home to derelicts. On another occasion, he advised an inspired but needy Irish priest to take his dream to Hollywood. Father Peyton took his advice, and the rest is history.

This book will inspire you, but you will not feel put upon. Joe Breig's inspiration lies in his quiet, modest example. You will see him living with his Faith from day to day, asking the Saints to intercede for the smallest favors, making gloom impossible by his hope, always able to laugh at himself as well as others.

RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

MY LIFE FOR MY SHEEP

By Alfred Duggan. 341 pages.
Coward-McCann. \$5.00

Described on the cover as "a biography of Thomas à Becket," this is in fact a historical novel of the hybrid type originated by Robert Graves. The author takes virtually all the characters and incidents directly from historical sources, inventing only details. His own contribution consists of organization, interpretation, and description. Mr. Duggan has already published a short biography of Becket; *My Life For My Sheep* is his second treatment of the same story.

It is competent and respectful, observant and humorous, yet oddly tame. The truth—one recognizes it with a slight shock—is that King Henry's quarrel with Thomas of Canterbury was a rather dreary business, made unexpectedly tremendous by the martyrdom. Until then there was no hard-and-fast issue, and the Archbishop's conduct was too devious to inspire much sympathy. Historians have pieced together a fairly clear picture of his motives, but Mr. Duggan's picture is sometimes far from clear. At the trickiest part of the story, he puts his hero more distressingly in the wrong than historical honesty requires.

The latter half of the twelfth century was a complicated era. Henry's attempt to control the Church can only be fully understood as part of a broad anticlerical movement which expressed itself in various forms—the Albigensian



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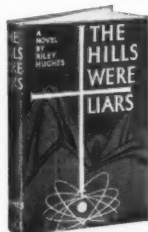
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heresy, for instance, and the "Courtly Love" fashion, and that queer cult of the Holy Grail which the Church so stubbornly disowned. There is plenty of scope here for historical novelists capable of disentangling the threads. *My Life For My Sheep* provides a glimpse, but only a glimpse.

GEOFFREY ASHE.

SHORT NOTICES

PAPA'S WIFE. By Thyra Ferré Bjorn. 305 pages. Rinehart. \$3.75. A brilliant and successful preacher, Papa Pontus Franzon loves his wife Maria devotedly despite the twenty-two years' difference in their ages. He suppresses his longing for his native Lapland in order to rear their eight children in America according to young Mama's wishes.

One crisis follows another, some sad, some joyful. All are resolved subtly and often humorously by Mama's great faith in God and in the rightness of her own convictions. One cannot blame Papa if he sometimes wonders how God's will always happens to conform so conveniently to Mama's. But as long as his children grow in love and wisdom, he is content.

Contrived and sentimental as it is, this added spiritual dimension raises *Papa's Wife* a notch or two above *I Remember Mama*.

CATHOLIC-PROTESTANT CONFLICTS IN AMERICA. By John J. Kane. 244 pages. Regnery. \$3.50. Dr. Kane, a Notre Dame sociologist, has tried to bring together all the causes of friction between American Catholics and their fellow citizens, with a view to analyzing each one and showing what admissions and concessions on either side may be necessary to bring peace. He manages to refute many slanders, while also drawing the attention of Catholics to several genuine scandals. It is important that books like this should be written, to keep the record straight. At the same time there is always the danger of minimizing vital distinctions in the interests of harmony. Dr. Kane often seems to be arguing that the Catholic way isn't "really" very different from the Protestant, or that Catholics are "really" quite virtuous by Protestant standards. This is an uninspiring sort of defense—and surely rather shallow.

A PIECE OF LUCK. By Frances Gray Patton. 248 pages. Dodd, Mead. \$3.00. *A Piece of Luck* is a collection of short stories done with high *New Yorker* finish. Mrs. Patton's world is just as Dixie and a great deal more agreeable than Faulkner's, Caldwell's, or Miss Welty's. She writes with the discrimina-

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CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY. By Marshall Smelser & Harry W. Kirwin. 768 pages. Doubleday. \$7.50. This recent addition to *The Christian Democracy Series* will make many friends among history teachers in the Catholic secondary schools. It combines sound scholarship with a style of writing well suited for the mind of the youthful reader without condescending to the poor reading ability of the average high school student. Indeed, readers of all ages will find this a profitable guide to the nation's past.

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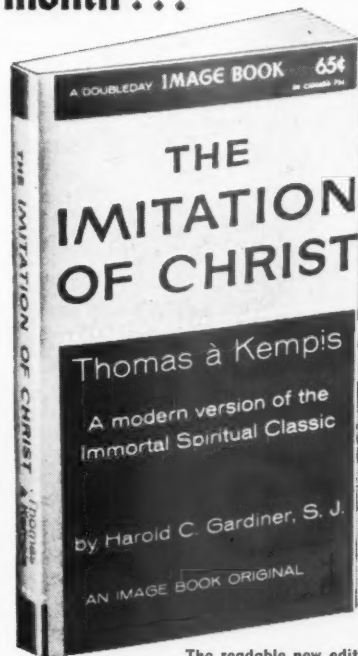
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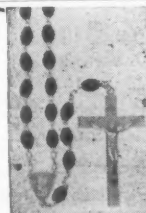
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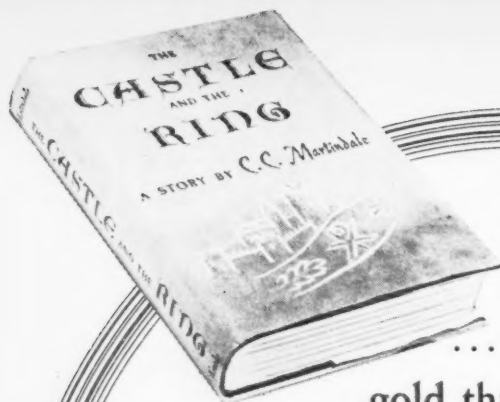
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pushed across Russia into Hungary. They were prepared to be friendly toward what was left of Europe. They showed favor to their Christian subjects, invited the Pope to send scholars into the Orient, and proposed a Christian-Mongol alliance against Islam. Europe's response was unfortunately feeble. The crusade never materialized, and only a handful of Franciscans and Dominicans ever came to the Mongol capital. However, they were courageous and observant men, and their reports make interesting reading.

FAITH, REASON, AND MODERN PSYCHIATRY. Ed. by Francis J. Braceland. 310 pages. Kennedy. \$6.00. This book is a stimulating contribution to the literature on the inter-relationships existing between the disciplines of psychiatry, theology, philosophy, psychology, and anthropology. Its authors, of whom there are eleven, profess to have as their goal the formulation and expression of some ideas as a sort of preamble to further synthesis among these mentioned fields. As such the book is successful, but certainly it is far from definitive in such a discussion.

Those who have the intellectual background in theology, philosophy, and medicine to appreciate the value of this book will certainly find it interesting and provocative. It is not likely to appeal to the popular reader.

THE THAW. By Ilya Ehrenburg. 230 pages. Regnery. \$3.50. Comrade Ehrenburg, known to the Western World as a writer of great stature in the field of Soviet literature, makes some startling observations of the Communist life in this otherwise dull and very ordinary piece of writing. It is not surprising that Ilya was attacked, quite bitterly, in Moscow literary circles for his "bourgeois deviation." For this is a unique novel, especially coming from the "dean" of modern Soviet writers.

Ehrenburg's "thaw" is political and social, as well as atmospheric. He has chosen a small city in the provinces as his locale, and its regimented inhabitants as his protagonists. But he is not writing of the formless workers, the faceless peasants, the great mass of the Russian people. His puppets are on a higher level. They are doctors, engineers, writers, dancers, and actors, and as the author sketches them, they mouth a variety of admittedly mild but nonetheless incorrigible criticisms of their regime, their regimentation, and—faintly—their discontent.

While we will look upon their criticisms as extremely mild, this novel written shortly after Stalin's death, when it seemed that there would be a move toward convenient leniency in the Soviet orbit, did arouse a storm of comment in Russia. That is the only claim to

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attention it can make, for it is basically a dull and aimless affair, quite badly written and holding a minimum of interest for the American reader.

THE SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA. By Edmund Wilson. 121 pages. Oxford University. \$3.25. The origin and fate of these now famous manuscripts is the occasion for an appraisal of their implications.

Only time and truly scientific discipline will tell us what truth this literature may hold for the theological and literary "origins" of Christianity. But Wilson is already sure that there is a continuity amounting to identity between them and the New Testament, and he has no special qualification in this field to say so.

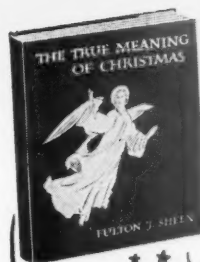
He sees an advantage for tolerance between Christians and Jews in that Christianity "should, at last be generally understood" as an historical episode, not a divine revelation.

He could have served that cause better than by repeating the acrimonies of history, by citing Flusser's cynicism and Dupont-Sommer's sensationalism.

THE LAYMAN IN THE CHURCH. By Michael de la Bedoyere. 111 pages. Regnery. \$2.75. You are the Church. It is not something outside you, composed solely of popes, buildings, priests, and Sunday collections. You are the Church, and the Church is Christ. Do not, therefore, in your personal relationships and in your efforts to live a fuller Christian life ape the ways of those called out of the world. You are not called to be a sort of Roman-collarless priest, but to give witness to Christ in the world with an authority and dignity that is yours as a lay member of the Mystical Body.

This is the direction we must follow, Mr. de la Bedoyere believes, in solving the Church's problems. If we do not follow him in every detail, the overall trend of his argument compels our assent, and not merely because it is carefully based on orthodox principles. While not popular in its presentation, this book is solidly written and will not fail to repay the effort it requires.

THE LOST WAGON. By Jim Kjelgaard. 305 pages. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50. A western this, but neither wild nor woolly in the usual sense! Missouri farmer Joe Tower with his wife and six children take to the well-traveled Oregon Trail where weather and breakdowns provide the chief dangers for their lone wagon stocked with barely enough provisions. An expert muleteer, Joe is master of his team, his family, and himself. Emma has the foresight to pack her wedding dress for the probability of beautiful daughter Barbara's needing it,



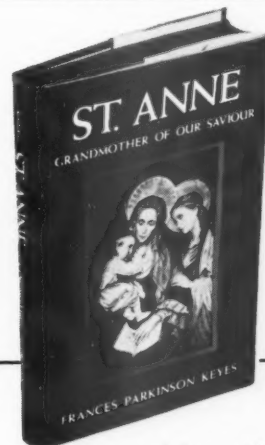
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THE BRIDGE. Ed. by John M. Oesterreicher. 349 pages. Pantheon. \$3.95. This well-documented symposium should do much to promote a better understanding between Christians and Jews in a world ever more susceptible to slogans and easy solutions. The essays, by experts in Scripture, Theology, History, and Art, are compassionate but not maudlin, critical but never shrill. It is a book not for the running but for the careful reader who is agonized by the paradox that has left Judaism without its Christ, and Christians sometimes without a sense of their origins. The Bridge is Christ. "He may divide us," says Fr. Duesberg, "but in our very quarrel, He unites us." It is a division that "can end only with the victory of the divine Legate, not with the collapse of one party."

Justice here becomes indebted to the searching analyses of the infamous "Protocols," and of the notorious Finally case. Fr. Oesterreicher and Seton Hall University, his sponsor, are to be congratulated.

THE SMILING REBEL. By Harnett Kane. 314 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95. Belle Boyd's moment in history came during Stonewall Jackson's victorious sweep up the Shenandoah Valley. Pretty, chatty, and still in her teens, Belle had by craft and by charm learned the plans of the Union "invaders" stationed at Port Royal. Braving the fire of the opposing armies, she crossed the lines to inform Jackson and to help him add another victory to his skein. She continued spying, but spent so much time in the fetid prisons of Washington that her further efforts were to little avail. Mr. Harnett T. Kane's fictional account of her exploits and her later romance, though ponderous in style, is historically accurate, painlessly educational, and always entertaining.

THE CALL TO HONOUR. By Gen. Charles de Gaulle. 319 pages. Viking. \$5.00. Since the author is himself a figure of sharp controversy, this first volume of memoirs will undoubtedly have a mixed reception. Be that as it may, readers will be able to understand the motives that prompted the actions of France's gallant if sometimes difficult hero during the early years of World War II. General de Gaulle's story not

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THE LOST SHEEP. By Henry Bordeaux. 130 pages. Macmillan. \$2.95. Since Mr. Bordeaux is a member of the French Academy, and the author of over sixty novels, one assumes that the simplicity of the story and the plain style in which it is told are the result of deliberate intention rather than lack of ability. For the book itself is extremely short and simple, a kind of parable in novel form, an extended fable, in which the adulterous wife of a stern French peasant returns home, repents, and finally, through the efforts of a Carthusian monk, gains the forgiveness of her husband and neighbors, just before she herself dies. Mr. Bordeaux' theme is well intentioned, but his treatment is so artless that the book is not inspiring, but simply dull. Hawthorne, in Hester Prynne, lifted a similarly fallen woman to classic heights; Mr. Bordeaux, on the other hand, never really breathes life into his female, and the reader, to the very end, remains untouched.

RED SHOES FOR NANCY. By Marguerite Hamilton. 224 pages. Lippincott. \$2.95. There is probably nothing more difficult to understand and accept than the birth of a deformed child. Nancy Hamilton was born with an incurable, rare disease, called lymphohemangioma. Today, at the age of twelve, she has had over forty operations, including the amputation of two fingers and both legs, sits in a wheelchair, practices on her guitar, and wants to be an entertainer. She wears full skirts to conceal the gradual enlargement of the upper part of her body that the disease is gradually causing.

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THE LIFE OF ST. LOUIS. By John of Joinville. 306 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$3.75. This latest entry in the "Makers of Christendom" series, edited by Christopher Dawson, has perhaps the widest interest of any. When St. Louis went on the Crusades he had a remarkably observant and sympathetic companion in John of Joinville. What John saw in the warrior saint in six years of battle is the heart of this book. The editors have added Joinville's "Credo" as well as a few letters to their modern English translation. For the scholar there is a critical introduction and a well-annotated text. For the average reader, an engaging if not always easily read version of the standard life of one of the most colorful saints in the Church's calendar.

HITLER. By Otto Dietrich. 277 pages. Regnery. \$3.95. The author, Hitler's chief of press relations from 1943-45, offers this study as "source material" for future historians. They will find it useful. It parts company with most of the current notions about the who, what, and why of Hitler, including one notion so firmly imbedded that the publishers are unable to shake it off. Their jacket blurb describes Hitler as the product of the moral and spiritual emptiness of the German nation. Dietrich says no. The blame, he says, is not the Germans', but "Hitler's alone. A victim of the demonism of his own nature, Hitler was not only their leader, but their seducer." His excesses, according to Dietrich, were not the product of his surroundings. They were his own. It was not bad advice that impelled him to subject the Jews to indescribable cruelty, but his own soul-consuming hatred. He instigated the atrocities, personally supervised many of them, and called on the carpet those advisers who tried to stop him. He had no desire to conquer the world; he was a provincial incapable of so large a concept. His goal was to isolate Europe from the world and dominate it. Inherent in his life story, as painted here, is an awful irony—the fact that in our wicked times the Devil should have had to stoop so low to find the man to do his dirty work.

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by ANNE THAXTER EATON

"POOR children," said the father of two little girls, "they haven't been anywhere." How wrong he was, for though his little daughters had never taken a sea voyage, nor journeyed by train across the continent, they had visited many lands, they had seen wonderful sights, they had come to know boys and girls in other countries and in other parts of their own. For they were growing up in a book-loving home and as soon as they could read and even before, for there was plenty of reading aloud, many were the journeys they had taken by means of the printed page. The book lover of any age finds innumerable roads stretching before him, roads to other lands, to the remotest corners of their own, roads that lead back into the past and also that "bonnie road, that winds about the fernie brae," the road that Thomas the Rhymer took with the Queen of Elfland, one that a child discovers in fairy tale and legend. The books that a child finds beneath the Christmas tree are passports for happy journeys.

The picture-story book of today makes even the young child a traveler. This year we have two fine Columbus books, each excellently illustrated. *Columbus* by Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire (*Doubleday* \$3.00), in brightly colored pictures and in a text suitable for seven-to-ten-year-olds, tells in some detail of the four voyages of Columbus; *The Columbus Story* by Alice Dalgliesh (*Scribner* \$2.75) is a briefer and simpler text which Leo Politi has illustrated in soft, rich colors that catch the atmosphere of the Spain Columbus left and the dark blue seas he sailed. In *The Story of Noah's Ark* (*Garden City* \$2.50), Tony Palazzo in full-page colored pictures has drawn with delightful animation a still earlier voyager and the animals that accompanied him. Hans Fischer has made the gayest of gay drawings for that perennial favorite *The Travelling Musicians* from *Grimms' Fairy Tales* (*Harcourt* \$3.00). Tao Yashima in *Crow Boy* (*Viking* \$2.75) in a brief text and pictures that glow with color tells in dramatic and touching fashion of a shy little boy ignored by his schoolmates until an understanding teacher shows them how much Crow Boy had to offer. Readers who last year made the acquaintance of Louise Fatio's *The Happy Lion*, and also those who now meet him for the first time, will



welcome *The Happy Lion in Africa* (*Whittlesey* \$2.50) in which this amiable beast pursues his adventures in forest and jungle in a brief text and distinguished drawings in color by Roger Duvoisin. Marie Hall Ets in *Play With Me* (*Viking* \$2.50), with the same understanding and sensitive feeling for childhood she showed in *In the Forest*, describes a little girl who wanders into a meadow and, eager for a playmate, tries to catch the little animals she sees, finding at last that it is only when she sits down quietly by the pond that they will come to her. In the drawings her eagerness and inquisitiveness and her disappointment are very real, and her joy, so clearly shown in her expression when one by one the animals join her, makes a happy ending to a lovely child-like book. *Dancing in the Moon, Counting Rhymes* by Fritz Eichenberg (*Harcourt* \$2.25) is an engaging book of nonsense in rhymes and pictures combined with numbers, "One raccoon dancing in the moon; Two moose scar-ing a papoose," and so on up to twenty.



Four-and-five-year-olds laugh delightedly and learn to count.

One of the season's most charming books is *Mouse Chorus* by Elizabeth Coatsworth (*Pantheon* \$2.00), a small, beautifully designed volume with verses describing the busy, miniature mouse life going on behind panelling and in the fields. Genevieve Vaughan Jackson's delightful drawings, printed in brown, are interwoven with the verses on every page. Miss Coatsworth has a sympathetic liking for the mouse people and her verse with its light touch and delicate tripping rhythms matches the tiny scurrying folk of whom she writes. For readers of any age.

Fairy Tales

Folktales and fairy stories belong especially to the Christmas season when wonder is in the air, and this year brings us some finely imaginative books for the eight-to-twelve-year-old. *Hester and the Gnomes* by Marigold Hunt (*Whittlesey House* \$2.50) is a delightful tale about the gnomes who come to the upper world when the digging of a well cracks the roof of their river tunnel. Luckily they are discovered by Hester, an understanding little girl, and luckily Constance the cat, since cats and gnomes speak similar languages, can act as interpreter. Before long the gnomes settle down in a hollow tree, supplied by Hester with articles from her doll's house suitable for their housekeeping. The tale has all the consistency of a child's imaginative make-believe, and eight-to-ten-year-olds will find delight in the gnomes and their miniature housekeeping. *The Borrowers Afield* by Mary Norton (*Harcourt* \$2.50) can be read by itself, but readers of *The Borrowers*, the first book about these fascinating small folk who live by using the small articles lost by human beings, will be happy indeed to find what happened to Pod, Homily, and Arrietty when they were driven out of their quarters in the old house and struck out across the field to seek their relatives and a new home. In *The Children of Green Knowe* by L. M. Boston (*Harcourt* \$2.75), real life and fantasy mingle when a small boy "called Tolly for short" comes to stay in an old English country house with his great grandmother who tells him stories of the children who lived there long ago. These children become very real to Tolly, and the

reader, too, as he follows this sensitive, imaginative story, finds himself half believing in the mysterious and beautiful happenings at Green Knowe. **The Wonderful Lamp** by Max Voegeli, translated from the German by E. M. Prince (Oxford \$2.50), is a spirited tale that successfully re-creates the world of the Arabian Nights. Ali, a beggar boy of Bagdad, believes the story of Aladdin's lamp and goes in search of it. Ali, brave, cunning, and engaging, is a thief at first but mends his ways when he hears that "no thief will ever find the lamp." He is thoroughly tested in all kinds of dangerous adventures until as the plot unravels he finds not only the lamp but a princess and his real station in life. A fresh, original story with admirable illustrations by Felix Hoffmann.

Stories of Real Boys and Girls

Stories of real people can be as absorbing as a fairy tale, and girls from nine to twelve will enjoy **Mary Florence, The Little Girl Who Knew Abraham Lincoln** by Kathleen S. Tiffany (Dodd \$2.75), a story based on fact. Mary Florence grew up on a farm near Gettysburg in Civil



War years. She heard the boom of nearby cannon, her own home was raided, a young Rebel soldier sought refuge on the farm and Mary Florence learned that there are two sides to every question. War time though it was, there were many good times with friends and cousins for Mary Florence and the excitement of an older sister's wedding. Finally came the day she would never forget, when she heard Lincoln speak at Gettysburg and talked with him afterward. A well-written, warm-hearted story that gives an excellent period picture. **Philomena** written and illustrated by Kate Seredy (Viking \$2.75), is the story of a young Czechoslovak peasant who goes to Prague to find a long-lost aunt. While she kept her eyes and ears open she worked as a maid under a succession of proud mistresses, cross cooks, and haughty butlers. But Philomena's courage never fails. In the midst of difficulties and sometimes downright injustice she continues to be her kind and lovable and honest self and in the end everything comes right. Children will enjoy this

engaging, unusual heroine and the author's lovely pictures. **Big Little Island** by Valenti Angelo (Viking \$2.75) is the story of a war-orphaned Italian boy adjusting to life in New York City. The kindly wisdom of his uncle and aunt, the happy Italian-American family life, the good food (the uncle was a baker and the aunt a superlative cook) go far to make Lorenzo feel at home, but perhaps his cousin Peter, so typically an American boy, with his slang, his friendliness, his casual way with difficulties, his ingenuity in thinking of things to do, helped most of all to make Lorenzo feel a part of his new country. The author has once more written a story filled with affection for the city he loves and has illustrated it with beautiful drawings. **Michel of Switzerland** (Watts \$2.50), the third book in Peter Buckley's *Around the World Today* books, reads like a story. Illustrated with remarkable photographs and written out of friendly relationship with the people among whom he worked, the book will fulfill the author's purpose of helping to give American children a friendly understanding of a child in another country.

Adventure

As boys and girls grow older, adventure stories take an increasingly prominent place in their reading. Robert DuSoe's **Only the Strong** (Longmans \$2.75) tells of a fourteen-year-old boy in Baja, California, who takes over the mining operations when his father is injured. Through his fearlessness and determination, water comes again to the valley and, better than the meager gold mine, the rancho he loves once more grows green. Along with the lively incidents of the tale, we are aware of the young hero's growth in maturity and wisdom. In **A Candle for Our Lady** (Bruce \$2.00), Regina Victoria Hunt takes her readers back to the times of Henry VIII, telling how a brother and sister bravely carry a candle to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, a journey made still more dangerous when they try to rescue a friend imprisoned by Cromwell's orders. But they know their prayers are answered when the King listens to their petition, releases their friend and a happier future is promised.

In the wilds of Brazil's mission territory Miguel and Pedro and their families, Raymundo and his old mother, live on the edge of the jungle surrounded by hostile Indians. What life is like under constant threat of Indian attacks, how the two families make the dangerous journey to San Antonio that José may make his first communion, how they barely escape with their lives on the return trip, is told by Father Lambert Bartels in **Jungle Arrows**

BOOKS



FOR CHILDREN

Slightly older than the lady above

TWENTY TALES OF IRISH SAINTS

by Alice Curtayne

Gay tales of the early Irish saints. Patrick, Brigid, Columcille, Finbarr, etc., and their adventures, miracles, and friendships with angels and animals. 40 drawings by Johannes Troyer. About ages 8-12. \$2.75

THE WOLF

by Mary Harris

St. John Bosco's mysterious gray "wolf" comes to the aid of three children and their grandmother who are snowbound in their farmhouse. Illus. by Veronica Reed. About ages 8-12. \$2.25

MASTER ALBERT

by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P.

The story of Albertus Magnus, his boyhood, and his life as a priest, scientist, and teacher, will be of surprising interest to children. Silhouettes by the author. About ages 11-15. \$2.50

CHRISTIANS COURAGEOUS

by Msgr. Aloysius Roche

Stories of people who showed particular bravery in the service of God and His Church, among them the missionaries who risked their lives in the East and Damien the Leper. Drawings by Antony Lake. About age 12-up. \$2.50

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St. Thomas Aquinas tells this story of himself. \$1.25

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Indiana

(Bruce \$2.95). Here are brave men and women and children made braver by their faith, and in Padre Alberto the author has drawn the portrait of a devoted priest. In *The Exploits of Xenophon* (Random \$1.50) we have a splendid adventure story from the past which Geoffrey Household has adapted from a Greek General's own account of how, after Cyrus the Persian was killed, he brought his small force a thousand miles through hostile territory until they reached the sea and safety. *Harriet Tubman, Conductor on the Underground Railroad* by Ann Petry (Crowell \$2.75) is the biography of a heroic woman, a distinguished book, and an adventure story which will hold young readers breathless as they read how Harriet, an escaped slave herself, was called Moses by her people because she led more than 300 slaves from the South to freedom.

Information

Boys and girls have a keen appetite for facts and the autumn books provide plenty of books of information. William Scheele's *The First Mammals* (World \$4.95) is a large volume, with magnificent drawings on every page, that traces the history of this great family from its reptilian beginning to the forms we know today. Here is the mastodon, the mammoth, the dire wolf, and others, all as fascinating as the dinosaurs of Mr. Scheele's *Prehistoric Animals* published last year. Scientifically accurate material is presented in clear, interesting fashion. In *Insect Friends* (Dodd \$3.00) Edwin Way Teale describes ninety-five insects helpful to man. Readers will probably be surprised to learn that the lady bird beetle which feeds on agricultural pests is collected, kept in cold storage, and sold to farmers and orchardists in the Spring to be turned loose in the fields and among the trees. Mr. Teale's style is always readable and the book is illustrated by the author's own beautiful and often dramatic photographs. In *All About the Atom* (Random \$1.95) Ira Freeman explains clearly and with many examples about energy, how the atom idea was developed, about electrons, and the machines that were invented to split the atom and how atoms can be set to work for the good of mankind. Boys and girls of today will be fascinated by Dr. Freeman's vivid, dramatic book.

Saints and Christmas

Saints go with us through the year but their legends seem particularly appropriate for reading in the Christmas season. *Twenty Tales of Irish Saints* by Alice Curtayne (Sheed and Ward \$2.75), beautifully designed and printed, will be a delightful book for children to find on Christmas morning. The author, who is Irish herself and has a feeling for the

poetry of these old legends, has told the stories of Patrick and Brigid, Columcille and Brendan, Ciaran with his animals, Colman with his mouse and fly and the rest, with a charming simplicity and a gentle humor that is also found in the drawings. *The Wolf* by Mary Harris (Sheed and Ward \$2.25), in a new and revised edition, tells the story of three children and their ailing grandmother, snowbound for three days in the country. The three lifelike children, the snow, the mysterious knocking at the door, the surprising way in which help came to them on St. John Bosco's Day, make an absorbing story. Catherine Beebe in *Saint Christopher for Boys and Girls* (Bruce \$2.00) tells the familiar story of the saint so simply that eight-year-olds can read it for themselves. The drawings by Robb Beebe have the gentle charm of the text.

A happy family Christmas in old



Pennsylvania is described by Katharine Milhous in *With Bells On* (Scribner \$2.00). Some of the Christmas customs from overseas come into the book and there is genuine Christmas feeling in the making of the "Putz" (the Christmas Manger) by the children as they wait for the return of their oldest brother who has gone to help his uncle carry freight in the Conestoga wagon. One little sister was sure he would come "with bells on," and so he did, the jingling hoop of bells that was given to the teamster who helped another team out of a snowbank. *Welcome Christmas! A Garland of Poems Chosen* by Anne Thaxter Eaton (Viking \$2.50) contains fifty-four Christmas poems and carols, some old, some new, chosen because they have in them the inner spirit of the season and suggest not only a happy but a blessed Christmas. The lovely decorations by Valenti Angelo are truly in the spirit of the season.

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SECRETS OF THE HIDDEN CLOISTERS

(Continued from page 19)

spirited away during the night, rescued by a group of sympathetic citizens. Rather than admit they had been hoodwinked by the nuns, the authorities decided not to pursue them. Steps were taken to convert the old building into a National Religious Museum.

It took two years of investigation to satisfy the police that most of the missing square had been found. But still the search went on. It's still going on today. Two years ago, a new vault was unearthed containing the remains of twenty nuns. Each year, a new room, a new tunnel is discovered.

Today, the Museum that used to be the Convent of Santa Monica still stands opposite the police station in Puebla, visited each day by hundreds of travelers from every part of the world, a silent tribute to a small band of courageous women who risked their lives rather than repudiate their vows. And what happened to the Sisters of Santa Monica? Well, no one really knows. But there are people in Puebla who will tell you that on certain quiet streets there are buildings known as boardinghouses to and from which many people come and go, but no one ever seems to stay except an occasional teenage girl who says good-bye to her parents on the street and then disappears within the walls forever. And there are others who claim that on warm summer evenings, just after twilight, the soft strains of organ music float over the city of Puebla, reminding the good men and women of the town that, compared with the courage of the Sisters of Santa Monica, the law of man is a weak, frail thing.



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—Patricia Mann

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

standard of living and through what may be termed "tractitis"—craze for machinery. It is disturbing to know that 15 per cent of Austria's farms have no children at all; that every day five people quit farm work for good; that the majority of religious vocations no longer stem from the peasants; that movies and sports have definitely disrupted the pattern of Christian village life; that crass materialism has invaded the coun-
tryside; that Socialists are making headway in rural districts, etc. The handwriting is on the wall. The Church may actually be losing sections of peasantry, while some of the workers are being regained.

Although this remains an essentially Austrian problem, it has its parallels all over Europe and is being fostered directly by American methods of commercial and scientific agriculture disseminated abroad.

Why not spread some of the solid recom-
mendations of the U. S. Catholic Rural Life Conference? These could indeed help to turn the tide!

PROF. ERNST F. WINTER
IONA COLLEGE

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Among Other Things—Jets

I would like to congratulate you and also pick a bone with you. Your "Spiritual Thought for the Month" (Sept.) was, I think, one of the finest, thought-provoking articles I have ever read. I approve wholeheartedly the thoughts expressed, although I don't think the author went far enough. The "holier than thou" attitude is never very pleasant even if it may be justified. . .

My hat is off also to Katherine Burton for her article on "Puritanical Dresses."

The "bones" are rather small. In your "Current Fact & Comment" piece on the Pope and his address to the newsmen of Rome, I think you give the impression that the publication of printed filth is more widespread than it really is. . .

The last is a very small bone indeed but in reference to "Race With Death," which of our jet fighters has flying controls for the radar observer?

JAMES F. DUFFY, JR.
CHEVY CHASE, MD.

Re: reader Duffy's question on jets:

They're still putting erasers on pencils. I note, but I think someone ought to put out a new kind of sunburn lotion for people who get third degree burns around the face from blushing. Namely one Mack Costigan.

Now, while I never make a mistake (cheers!), I find that this guy Costigan is more human than most people. He goofs by the numbers, frequently and unabashedly. Therefore, from this day hence I banish him from my bed and board for what he did in a certain story entitled "Race With Death" which poor, unsuspecting SIGS bought and published.

The truth about Costigan is that he had Mr. Lockheed's aircraft products slightly mixed up. He had flown in the T-33, two-seat, jet fighter trainer quite a bit and, with a rush of brains to the head, had

figured that the all-weather version of the same plane, the F-94C, also had controls in the back cockpit. Let's face it—it doesn't. But an eagle-eyed reader caught this character Costigan with his editorial flaps down—and now Costigan is trying to lie his way out of the charge by saying that the plane he had in mind was a TF-61 (which is by way of splitting the difference between a T-33 and an F-94). But don't let him get away with it.

I'm glad you caught this guy Costigan with the goods. I've had a lot of trouble with him, too, and maybe this will straighten him out. Personally I've always distrusted people who use aliases.

ED MACK MILLER

ENGLEWOOD, COLO.

To the unalert: Mack Costigan is a pen name of Ed Mack Miller.

Just Bragging?

We would want the world to know if we had an All-American football star, and we are just as proud to announce that a winner of the 1955 National Science Talent Search has chosen Marquette University. She is Kathleen Hable, Loyal, Wis. (THE SIGN, October, page 60), who has begun pre-medical studies in Marquette's College of Liberal Arts. Her father, Dr. Albert Hable, is a 1933 graduate of Marquette's Medical school, and her sister, Mary, a 1954 graduate of the College of Nursing.

MISS ANN GRATTAN

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INFORMATION
MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Your Bowery

I would like to comment on "There's A Bowery in Your Town," by Jim Bishop, in the October issue of your magazine.

This was an excellent article, portraying alcoholics vividly and accurately, as persons sick of body, mind, and soul. . . . There was one statement that in my opinion was wrong. This was where you gauged the degrees of alcoholism, from a 10 per cent alcoholic to a 100 per cent alcoholic. This is dangerous reasoning for an alcoholic, regardless of his degree of sickness, and the "slips" from the AA program occur most often with the self-admitted alcoholic who has not lost home, job, or respect, but knows his drinking is "out of control." . . .

DORIS H. WALSH

STAMFORD, CONN.

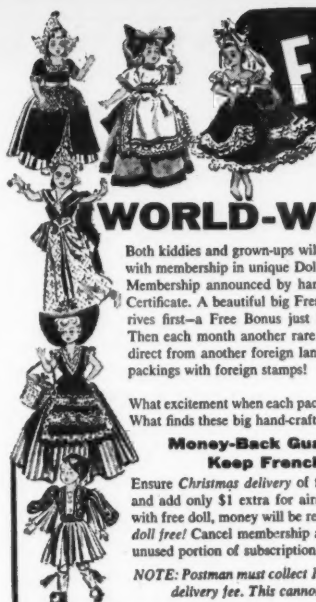
Found Jim Bishop's "There's a Bowery in Your Town" an interesting and understanding article. Please ask him not to refer to the alcoholic as a bum. He is asking sympathy for them and then turns around and does not show compassion himself in calling them bums. . . .

MARY WILLIAMS

CARROLLTON, GA.

Detroit Parish

THE SIGN is getting better every month. The October issue is a gold mine for those of us who are working in the field of Social Action. I was particularly happy about



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your tribute to Father Clem Kern of Detroit (page 52), who, in my opinion, is one of the greatest little priests in the world. I was also delighted with your own editorial. I hope that you won't mind my reprinting it in the next issue of our monthly bulletin *Social Action Notes for Priests*.

VERY REV. MSGR. GEORGE G. HIGGINS

DIRECTOR, SOCIAL ACTION DEPT. N.C.W.C.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Author to Illustrator

... I especially admire Mr. Mazoujian's firm use of line (October, p. 19)—something that is sadly uncommon in the graphic arts of today. I am grateful to him for doing so good a job. . . .

WILLIAM A. BREYFOGLE

NORWICH, VT.

Talented Negroes and TV

I am writing with reference to the statement made in the May issue of *THE SIGN* magazine by John Lester: "Informed Negroes all frankly admit, by the way, that there would be more of their people in radio and TV, even under present conditions, if more were qualified. They insist, though, that more would train themselves if they felt they had a better chance of a job."

This is a hypocritical and unfair statement. Hy Gardner of the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote recently: "Many Negroes in show business, like in baseball or any form of athletics, have natural born talents. . . . Since the Lord has gifted certain humans with rare artistic abilities, the viewing public is being cheated of many hours of enjoyment until such a time as these personalities are starred in the regular line-ups, not in the role of pinch hitters. . . ."

Mr. John Lester seems to be unaware of the fact that thousands of Negroes are graduated from colleges each year in every field of endeavor. This should help to qualify them for the so-called TV and radio jobs that are not available to them because of the color of their skin (the way God made them). . . .

MRS. C. B. MITCHELL

HUNTINGTON, N. Y.

Pity the Farmer

... As a farm homemaker, I wish to take exception to a statement on page 12 of the September issue: "The gains won by unions have not been at the expense of other groups in the community." Every time the steel workers receive a pay raise, it automatically adds dollars to the cost of farm machinery. . . . The farmer finds himself with mounting costs but with a much lower income. We have to have new machinery or repair parts as needed. . . .

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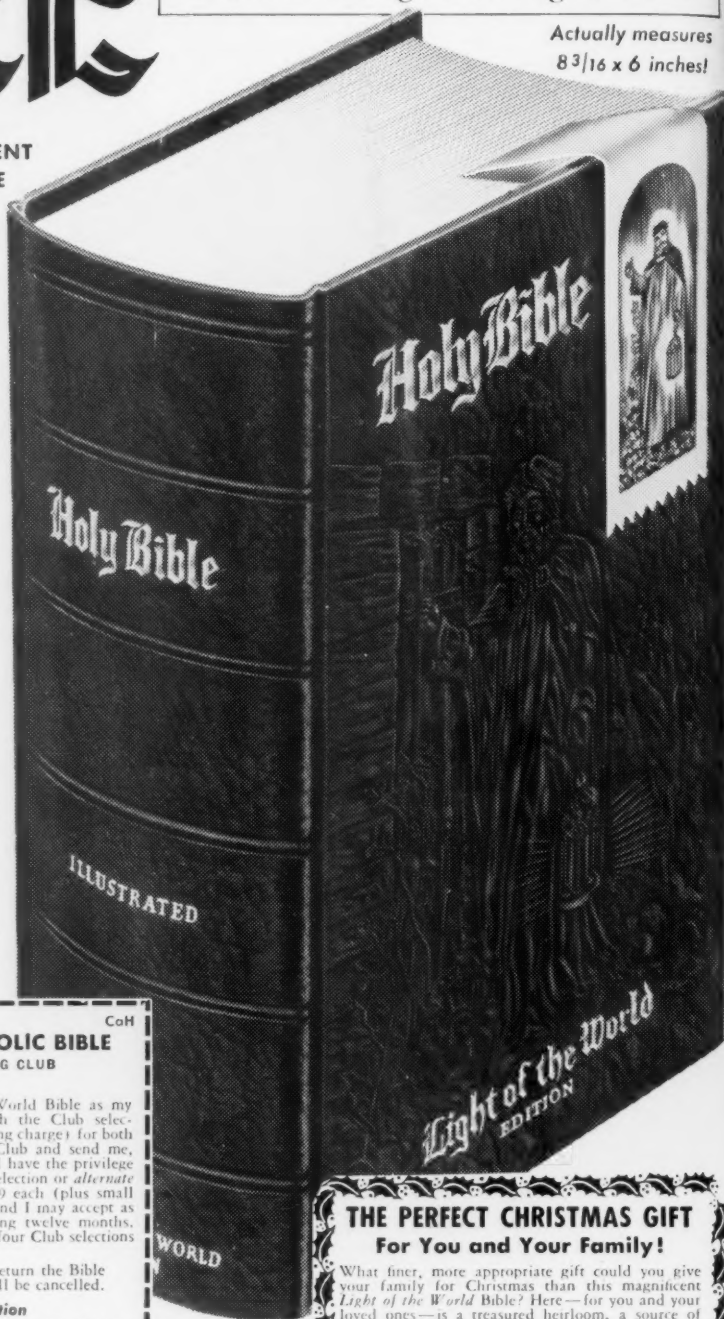
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